THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustrated Weekly Magazine
Founded Aº Dº 1728 *by* Benj. Franklin

AUG. 4, 1906 5c. THE COPY

LETTERS TO WOMEN IN LOVE—By Mrs. John Van Vorst

THE SHAME OF THE COLLEGES—By Wallace Irwin

That the structural strength of the Cadillac is much greater than ordinary service requires is shown in the fact that this machine was the only one found to stand the strain of "Leaping the Gap," as pictured above. Either the axles or frame of all other machines tried bent under the heavy impact. With the

CADILLAC

Runabout shown (a regular stock car) the performer is making repeated trips without the slightest damage to his machine.

While this proves nothing to the person who wants an automobile to meet ordinary conditions of road travel, it does show that the strength of the Cadillac is never found wanting, no matter what the test.

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Model K, 10 h. p. Runabout (shown above), $750.
Model M, Light Touring Car, $950.
Model H, 30 h. p. Touring Car, $2,800.
All prices f. o. b. Detroit. Lamps not included.

Cadillac Motor Car Co.,
Detroit, Mich.
Member A. L. A. M.

Pears'

The goodness in Pears' Soap is an antidote for all bad complexions.

For goodness sake use Pears'.

Sold in America and elsewhere.

LEARN TO SWIM
BY ONE TRIAL

Ayvad's Water-Wings

Price 25c and 35c

GREAT SPORT IN THE WATER

A person weighing from 50 to 250 lbs. can float on them without an effort. Inquire of any one who has used Ayvad's water wings and be convinced you can learn to swim the first day you are in the water. For those who can swim they furnish a source of amusement nothing can equal. Easily adjusted. Takes no more room than a pocket handkerchief. Sold by all leading Dry-goods, Sporting-goods houses and Druggists. Ordering from us direct, enclose price to Dept. P.

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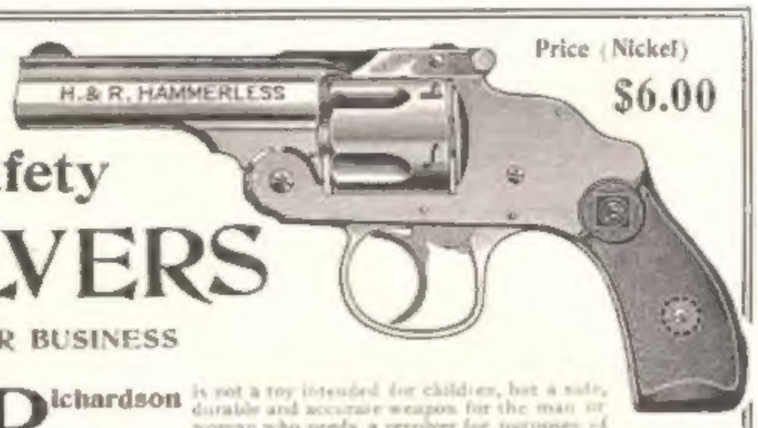

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H. & R. Revolvers are made in many styles and sizes. Blue and nickel finish. Prices from $2.50 to $8.00. The Hammerless illustrated in this ad., finest nickel finish, is $6.00. Our catalogue gives full particulars. A postal card will bring it. H. & R. Revolvers are sold by all dealers in reliable sporting goods. If not sold in your town, we will ship direct prepaid on receipt of price.

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Makers of H. & R. Single Guns.

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For All Ages

7th—"*Last scene that ends this eventful history.*"

Is a boon to the aged, the infant, and the invalid. A delicious, invigorating food-drink, nutritious and easily digested, that agrees with the weakest stomach. More wholesome than tea, coffee or cocoa. It not only stimulates, but also strengthens and invigorates.

Pure, rich milk, combined with the nutritive elements of carefully selected malted grains.

In powder form; it makes a delicious table drink in a moment by simply stirring in water. The Lunch Tablets are a convenient, quick lunch for busy people, and a pleasant, wholesome confection for children.

At all druggists. Sample, vest pocket lunch case, also booklet, giving valuable recipes, sent free if mentioned.

ASK FOR HORLICK'S; others are imitations.

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Trial stick in nickeled box — enough for a month's shaving — mailed for 4c in stamps. Write Dept. P.

Colgate & Co.
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The New Nickeled Box.

The Haskell-Match Golf Ball

We were the originators of the Rubber-core ball.

Each of our yearly productions has been marked by improvements. Our latest and best, the HASKELL-MATCH ball, embodies every good quality of previous Haskell's — with many others added — and undesirable qualities eliminated — and we can confidently recommend it as being by far the very best ball on the market.

For length of flight and for putting, it is unequalled.

Price $6.00 per dozen.
Obtainable everywhere.

THE B. F. GOODRICH COMPANY
Akron, Ohio

EVER-READY Razor AND 7 blades $1

"Ever-Ready" Safety Razor Sets at $1.00

were originally $5.00. Complete with the improved one-piece frame—seven tested blades and hair stropper. Seven new blades for 7 dull ones and 35 cents, any time. 12 Special Bladesfit "Yankee," "Star" or "Gem" Razors,prepaid,75c. All blades can be stropped to last years of service. Ever-Ready Safety Razor sets are sold by dealers everywhere or sent direct prepaid upon receipt of $1.00. Canadian price $1.25.

American Safety Razor Co., 391 Broadway, New York

Rider Agents Wanted

in each town to ride and exhibit sample 1906 model. *Write for Special Offer.*

Finest Guaranteed 1906 Models . . . . . **$10 to $27**
with Coaster-Brakes and Puncture-Proof tires.

1904 & 1905 Models all of best makes . . . . . **$7 to $12**

500 SECOND-HAND WHEELS
All Makes and Models, good as new . . . . . **$3 to $8**

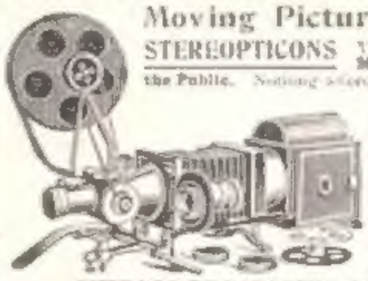
Great FACTORY CLEARING SALE. We Ship on Approval *without a cent deposit*, pay the freight and allow TEN DAYS' FREE TRIAL.

Tires, coaster-brakes, sundries, etc., half usual prices. Do not buy till you get our catalogue. *Write at once.*

MEAD CYCLE CO., Dept. W-55, Chicago

Moving Picture Machines

STEREOPTICONS You can make BIG MONEY Entertaining the Public. Nothing affords better opportunities for men with small capital. We start you, furnishing complete outfits and explicit instructions at a surprisingly low cost. Our Entertainment Supply Catalog and special offer fully explains everything, sent free.



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¼ SIZES 15¢ TWO FOR 25¢ ¾ SIZES

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Flat Clasp Garters

That sense of absolute security, complete comfort and perfect neatness is secured only by wearing BRIGHTON FLAT CLASP GARTERS. The perfectly flat clasp holds gently, but securely. They give the ankles that smooth, sleek appearance.

The web is one piece pure silk (not mercerized cotton). No sharp projections to injure the clothing. All metal parts heavily nickeled. If your dealer hasn't them, 25 cents will secure a pair from the makers—postpaid.

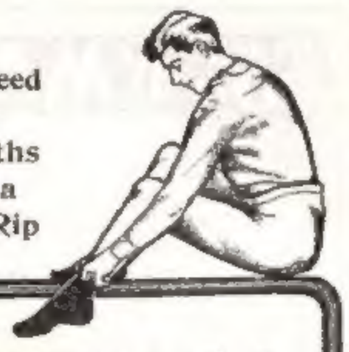
PIONEER SUSPENDER CO., 718 Market Street, Philadelphia, Pa.
Makers of Pioneer Suspenders

The New
4¼ x 6½
KODAK

Ask your dealer to show the No. 4A Folding; pictures 4¼ x 6½ inches, high speed lens and shutter, Pocket Kodak simplicity, price $35.00.

EASTMAN KODAK CO.
Rochester, N. Y.
Kodak Catalogues free at the dealers or by mail. *The Kodak City.*

Hosiery Guaranteed To Wear Six Months without a Hole or Rip



We guarantee that six pair of

Everwear TRADE MARK Hosiery

will wear half a year without holes or rips—or defects of any sort. If they fail to do this we will replace them FREE OF CHARGE and without argument. Sold only in boxes containing six pair of one size, men's sox, at $1.50 a box, sent prepaid. Made in light and medium weight Egyptian cotton, all fast colors.

Write for "The Everwear Yarn" our handsome booklet which fully describes Everwear Hosiery and our guarantee.

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Your Kodak Film Developed Promptly by Experts

That's Our Business—and has been for the past half a dozen years. Only Experienced Workmen, Best Materials and Every Facility, assuring Only Highest Grade Work.

Send for Our Price Card, Special Offer and Sample Print.

Better still, Mail a Trial Roll with Fifty cents cash for a dozen prints of best negatives, any size up to and including 4 x 5.

ROBERT JOHNSTON, Mail Dept.
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Catalogue free with full information for the asking. Write now.

The Ruprecht-igniter

specially adapted for power boats and stationary gas and gasoline engines.

Makes a live spark on the first revolution of the engine.

The Ruprecht-igniter sparks instantly, will run with any connection.

Has no brushes—commutators—armatures or other moving parts to wear out. Not affected by heat—cold—dust or moisture.

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The Ballade of Any Old Thing

Old Chippendale and Sheraton,
Old Delft and willow-pattern ware,
Point-lace and ancient Honiton,
And grandsire's clock upon the stair,
A Watteau fan that waved in air
As Beauty's shield and sceptre, too,
Which beckoned joy, or waved despair—
In days when these old things were new.

Old folios we sometimes con,
Laid open under glass, with care;
An autograph we gaze upon—
Perchance Pope's hand had traced it there—
These treasures—all, alas, too rare!
With eager search we bring to view—
They had a plenty, and to spare,
In days when these old things were new.

Then maid and man would doff and don
Calash, cocked hat, the daily wear;
The Blucher and the Wellington,
Each sort was once a proper pair;
At church, at rout, at country fair,
They wore them, with the hair in queue,
At Vauxhall, in the fireworks' glare,
In days when these old things were new.

Envoy

Collector, think! Sometime, somewhere,
Your derby hat, of sombre hue,
May stand with what was once the wear
In days when these old things were new!

—*Arthur Chamberlain.*

Imported Citizens

"ONE of the mysteries of immigration which has puzzled students for many years is why there is no marked exodus from France," said Broughton Brandenburg recently. "In our whole history, of the 23,000,000 immigrants we have received, only 450,000 have been French. Poverty brings nine, crime the other one out of every ten. The peasant classes of France are quite poor, and why is it that French immigration is left to be made up very largely of those who are leaving their country for their country's good? I have asked many eminent Frenchmen. Their answers were plausible, but they all disagree. Racially, the French would be far more acceptable than the swarms of Slavic origin which are impending.

"There seems a tendency toward change in destination this year. Fewer Russian Jews and more Italians arrive on Manhattan Island. The reason is that the Ghetto is hemmed in on the north by the Hungarian quarter, on the east by the river, and on the west by the elder Little Italy which is advancing upon the Ghetto in great strides. The Italians are driving the Jews out of the New York sweat-shops because their superior physique enables them to bear up better under the grind and they can afford to pay more rent for the same tenement space. The Jews are drifting over into Brownsville and East New York. Up on the west side, in Ninth and Tenth Avenues, the new Croatian, Dalmatian, Bosnian and Slovak colony is forming, and, unless factory structures replace the wretched dwelling-houses of that region, the last stand of the Irish in the lower part of Manhattan will be gone.

"Large numbers of immigrants go to the mining regions of Pennsylvania. An equally important contingent has invaded New England this year to work in the cotton mills and shoe factories. Last September the supply of labor in New England appeared to be more than adequate. Many charitable bodies were discussing the advisability of sending some thousands of native-born American mill-workers from Fall River, Lynn, Providence and Wooster to the South. During the winter large numbers of them were transplanted. This spring new factories were opened, old ones enlarged and the fresh demand for labor was met by using Italians, Poles, Jews and Greeks.

The Pot and the Kettle

SOME two years ago there was a question as to whether a certain "industrial" would continue dividends. Persons in a position to know the view of the management talked very encouragingly; yet the stock sagged under persistent selling and finally slumped most discouragingly. Then the dividend was passed. A large stockholder, himself not without reputation as an adroit speculator, waited upon the president, indignantly. "You and your close friends," he said, "knew two months ago that this dividend was going to be passed; but you kept it quiet until you could unload your stock. So-and-So told me earnings were very good. You are my trustee. What kind of a way do you think that is for a trustee to act?"

"Well," said the president, "if I'd told you, you would have unloaded first, wouldn't you? Also, you would have gone short up to your neck. If I'd published it, everybody would have rushed to unload. I'm your trustee to manage the company—but not to hold the bag."

Actresses as Breakfast Food

MISS MAXINE ELLIOTT is no less charming off the stage than she is on it; but in addition to her personal graces she has a keen intelligence and a shrewd business sense which few playgoers would suspect. Mr. Clyde Fitch, who has written her two latest and most successful plays, acknowledges the very considerable aid she has given him in putting the pieces into their final form for the public; and, though he is not infrequently obliged to differ with her, he speaks in the highest terms of her taste and judgment.

In conversation, lately, she observed that the American star is not, as has so often been alleged, the mere servant of the syndicate, but is in the same condition as the actor-manager of London. He decides what plays he is to appear in, makes terms with the author, selects his company, determines the length of his season, and arranges for engagements abroad, even in Australia, where Miss Elliott is herself now planning to go. He is quite independent, in fact, except in the actual booking of a tour, which is a much more complicated matter in a country of many cities like the United States than in a country like England, where London is everything.

In America, Miss Elliott says, an actress is like a breakfast food. It is not enough to have a reputation in the metropolis. She must be familiar in every large town in every State of the Union. The financial opportunities are far greater than in any other country. But, she adds, with a touch of regret, the chances of artistic development are less in proportion. After playing a part six months, she finds that, try hard as she will, she is not able to improve her performance. Her growth as an artist ceases until her next new venture.

The Ghostly Wind

De lonesome Win' he holler w'en de night wuz in de middle:
"Ef you lemme in I'll show you how I knows ter play de fiddle:
Done had de leaves a-dancin' fum de very break er day,
But, blowin' sich a lively tune, I danced de stars away!

"En I'm lost—lost—lost
Out in de lonesome night,
En all de hills done hide dey heads
In freezin' sheets er white!"

De lonesome Win' he holler—de snow aroun' him flingin':
"Ef you lemme in *I'll* show you how ter set a banjer singin'!
I sho' will sen' de witches des a-dancin' roun' de moon,
En creak dat cabin flo' fer you, en wake de sun up *soon!*

"Oh, I lost—lost—lost,
En I dunno whar ter go,
En all I got ter kiver wid
Is blankets made er snow!"

I never make no answer—kaze dat word er him I doubt:
Here he come, suh, *down de chimbly!* en he blowed de fire out!
En blowed de kiver off de bed, en let in all de ha'nts,
En befo' I knowed dey had me swingin' corners in de dance!

En I lost—lost—lost!
En he never left fer town
'Twel we danced de shingles off de shed
En all de shutters down!

—*Frank L. Stanton.*

You can comfort and soothe that sunburned face if you

Shave at Home with

Florafoam
(Trade Mark)

The Pond's Extract in it will cool the fever in the skin.

From the collapsible tube, squeeze the smooth, transparent jelly, and then with brush and water, any water—hot, cold, hard or soft—you quickly get a rich, creamy lather that stays moist and subdues the stubborn beard.

Grateful, invigorating, antiseptic—a massage and shaving preparation all in the same convenient tube.

Order from your druggist—25c.

Armour & Company

LET ME DO YOUR COOKING

Why worry, watch and fret over a hot stove when you can put your meat, vegetables, custards—in short, the whole meal for the whole family—into my ample shelves and cook it, as food never was or can be cooked in any other way, over ONE BURNER of stove, range, gas, gasoline or oil stove? I come in both round and square shapes—both kind have whistles.

IDEAL Combination STEAM Cooker and Baker

made of heavy tin or copper, with all copper seamless drawn tank; cover; fire top. I blow my whistle 20 minutes before water needs replenishing; never go on a strike nor talk back. I cut the cost of fuel and work in half. I hold 11 one-quart cans in cooking fruit. Write right now for Free Book 45 pages. It tells you all about me. Gives full details; letters from people all over the land who would not do without me for ten times what I cost.

TOLEDO COOKER CO., Desk T, Toledo, Ohio
County and State Agents Wanted—Salary and Commission

Write Today for our new 48 p. Illustrated Catalog showing the latest Paris Fashions in

Hair Dressings

of every kind at lowest prices obtainable anywhere. We ship Hair Goods postpaid

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and always guarantee satisfaction.

Parted wig Price $15.00

Extra Short Stem Switches made of splendid quality selected human hair, and to match any ordinary shade: 20 in., 2 oz., $ .95; 24 in., 3 oz., 2.95; 18 in., wavy, 2.45

One "Airy Fairy" 22in. natural wavy Seamless Switch, $4.95
200 other sizes and grades of Switches, . . 50c. to 25.00
Pompadour, Natural Curly, ... 2.45
Wigs, Ladies' and Men's, ... $6.00 to 60.00

Send sample of your hair with your order. We will send prepaid on approval. If you find it perfectly satisfactory and a bargain, remit the amount. If not, return to us. Rare, peculiar and gray shades are a little more expensive: Write for estimate. Our free catalog also contains many valuable hints on The Proper Care of the Hair. Write for it today.

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Largest Mail Order Hair Merchants in the World

A PIPEFUL of SATISFACTION

When the Celebrated

QBOID

The ORIGINAL Granulated Plug

is the tobacco smoked.

WILL NOT BITE THE TONGUE.

Money Cheerfully Refunded If You Are Not Entirely Satisfied.

We will mail you any size package postpaid, at the following regular prices, if your dealer does not carry QBOID.

1⅔ oz., 10 cts. 3⅓ oz., 20 cts.
8 oz., 45 cts.

Address Larus & Brother Co.
Manufacturers
Richmond, Va.

This Thirty Million Dollar Bank pays 4%

interest on savings deposits of a dollar or more. No safer bank in this country.

Capital, $2,500,000.00
Surplus, $2,500,000.00
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Send for our free booklet "A" giving important information about Cleveland

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BANKING BY MAIL

The Cleveland Trust Company
(SAVINGS BANK)
CLEVELAND, OHIO

For Men who Seek

Collar Comfort

The Collar that's a bit Exclusive.

A collar that wears well, looks well, washes well, fits well and does not show traces of hard wear as readily as most other collars do.

London Town Brand Linen Collars

are made of finest Irish linen, latest English styles, best American making. A real 25c. collar at two for a quarter—in quarter sizes—made to fit, and shrunk by London Town process to stay fit.

We are the first collar makers who place a warrantee band around each collar as a proof of perfection.

Look For This Guarantee.

Send for our illustrated Book, "How We Be-Linen You." FREE

If your dealer cannot supply you, send 25c. for two London Town Linen Collars.

Morrison Shirt and Collar Co.
Dept. 1. Glens Falls, N. Y.

This shows our Brompton Collar. A stylish comfortable, sensible, warm weather collar ideal of young or old men.

Government Positions

39,427 Appointments were made to Civil Service places during the past year. Excellent opportunities for young people. Each year we instruct by mail hundreds of persons who pass these examinations and receive appointments to life positions at $840 to $1200 a year. If you desire a position of this kind, write for our Civil Service Announcement, containing dates, places for holding examinations, and questions recently used by the Civil Service Commission.

Columbian Correspondence College, Washington, D.C.

$5.00 a bottle, with legal written guarantee or contract. Send for copy, booklet and letters from business men and trainers on every kind of case. Permanently Cures Spavin, Thoroughpin, Ringbone (except low), Curb, Splint, Capped Hock, Windpuff, Shoe Boil, Injured Tendons and all Lameness. No scar or loss of hair. Horse works as usual. Dealer or Express paid. Troy Chemical Company, Binghamton, N.Y.

THE EDITOR'S COLUMN

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Published Every Saturday
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423 to 427 Arch Street, Philadelphia

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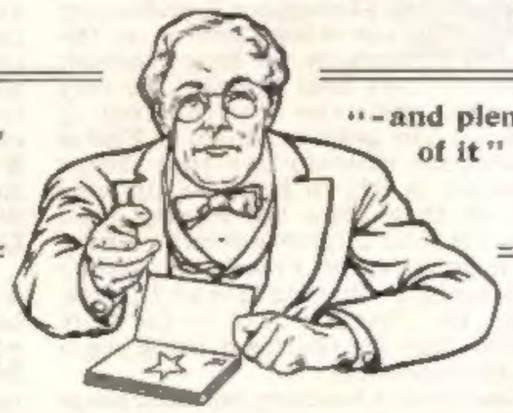
A Brief History

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST is the oldest journal of any kind that is issued to-day from the American press. Its history may be traced back in a continuous, unbroken line to the days when young Benjamin Franklin edited and printed the old Pennsylvania Gazette. In nearly one hundred and eighty years there has been hardly a week—save only while the British army held Philadelphia and patriotic printers were in exile—when the magazine has not been issued.

During Christmas week, 1728, Samuel Keimer began its publication under the title of the Universal Instructor in all Arts and Sciences and Pennsylvania Gazette. In less than a year he sold it to Benjamin Franklin, who, on October 2, 1729, issued the first copy under the name of the Pennsylvania Gazette. Franklin sold his share in the magazine to David Hall, his partner, in 1765. In 1803 the grandson of David Hall became its publisher. When he died, in 1821, his partner, Samuel C. Atkinson, formed an alliance with Charles Alexander, and in the summer of that year they changed the title of the Gazette to THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

The Doctor Said— "BACON"



"—and plenty of it"

"GIVE her Bacon!
And plenty of it!" said the Doctor.
—A fine food for delicate children who need fat and up-building.
"Easily Digested?
"Yes, assuredly!
Most easily of all fat foods!
Why? Because Bacon-fat is in *Granular form.*"
"It can be eaten with impunity by persons to whom other forms of fat are intolerable."
Provided—
That Bacon has been mild
—cured—
Is not too salty,
Is not too lean,
Is not too dry and stringy.
Because—
Bacon can benefit, or may injure such People according to the *Quality* of meat in it, and the *Manner* of curing it.
A lean hog means a poorly nourished Hog—
Poor *Quality* of meat.
Bacon from such a Hog will be dry, stringy and comparatively hard to Digest.
Fat, in Bacon is inseparable from "Good Condition"—from well-nourished Fibre. The *Lean* meat of such Bacon will be rich in Flavor, Juicy, Nutritious and Digestible.
That's if the nutriment in it has not been *pickled* out, by an excessively Strong, Salty, Briny "Cure!"
Even *Good* meat can be Petrified in Salt, you know.
So that People who want—
The most Nourishment—
The most Digestibility—
The finest Meat Flavor—
Had better specify the "*Star*" grade of Armour Bacon—at a little higher Cost.
And see, for themselves, that the "*Star*" of Quality is actually burnt into the skin of the Bacon.
Because—
Only about *One* Hog in every *Fifteen* received at the huge Armour Plants daily is there considered *Superfine* enough to produce Armour "*Star*" grade of Bacon.
It must be a corn-fed Hog.
Because these have the firmest, sweetest flesh.
It must be a barrow Hog.
Because these have the fullest Flavor.
It must be a Young, but fully matured Hog.
Because these are Tender, Fine-Grained, and Thin-Skinned.
It must be a well-nourished, fairly Fat Hog.
Because, these are the Juiciest and most Digestible.
Then these Selected Flitches of Bacon must be "Cured" by a Mild, Sweet, Piquant, Armour Liquor.
Because that brings out and develops all the fine, rich, subtle, meat flavors with an added spice.
And it does this without leaving a suggestion of that Salty, Porky, taste that is noticeable in common kinds of Bacon.

Then comes the *Smoking*,—
Just enough to preserve the meat, and give a delicate suggestion of wood fire odor.
No other Bacon is quite so delicious, nor so suited to the Invalid or the Epicure or the growing child.
Because—
None other is so carefully Selected, and so Skilfully Developed as The "*Star*" *grade* of Armour's Bacon.

Armour's
"STAR" Hams and Bacon

President Suspenders

NONE SO EASY

President Suspenders rest lightly; they don't cling to you. If uncomfortable suspenders have caused you to put on a belt, change again—wear Presidents, and you will be more comfortable than at any time thus far this summer. They're easy. The back slides freely no matter how suddenly you move, and your trousers stay smooth. Any dealer will let you try on a pair before you pay for them. 50 cents everywhere. Light and medium weights. If your dealer has none, buy of us. We will return your money if you don't like them.

Suspenders and Garters in combination box, . . 75¢

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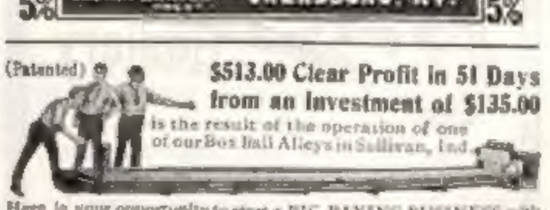

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The Shame of the Colleges

I—HARVARD

BY WALLACE IRWIN

They indicate, these witty, suffering, blushing, intimidating figures of the only race in which there are individuals or changes, how far on the Fate has gone, and what it drives at. —Emerson.

IT IS significant that Harvard University has escaped so long. Sitting almost at Thomas W. Lawson's back door, in her time she has laid a thousand saucy writers across her maternal knee. As many pure-browed statesmen have passed from her academic shades to the shadier shades of national politics. In our own generation, the roughest yet most genteel of our Presidents has borrowed from her sacred fanes the tines of a mighty muck-rake—and yet, though almost constantly exposed to the infection of reform, Harvard University has never "caught it." She cannot always go unnoticed. The very fact that she is venerable and respectable is against her. In vain may she protest in all her languages including Sanskrit and Back Bay. She has been caught with the goods. With all the culture of the United States Senate, with all the wealth of the Equitable, with all the unction of the Standard Oil, she clucks her academic chicks beneath her wing and hides behind the shield of the collegian Veritas. Then along comes the mucker Truth who strikes a safety-match on the college wall and the horrid reality stands forth in the great white light.

I have investigated Harvard University. It took nearly three hours to do the job; but I do not begrudge the time, because the scandal I unearthed is among the fifty or sixty Greatest Crimes of the Century. I am about to prove that, by educational collusion and brain-rebates, the institution at Cambridge has formed a monstrous monopoly which is to-day cornering and controlling one of the most useful products of our fruitful land. Harvard University—let her deny this if she can—is the Amalgamated-Gentleman Trust.

How am I going to prove this? I do not know at this moment—but let us see.

It is very discouraging. How great an injustice is being done to the American people it is impossible to estimate. Gentlemen are scarce at all times. There is an ever-increasing demand for the commodity at seaside resorts on the Atlantic and Pacific coasts, in the country's large commercial centres, on cattle-ranches and in sawmills—everywhere where Art is worshiped and Culture is enshrined. Think of it! The time is coming, and not far distant, when the inhabitants of Virginia, Arizona, California, shall turn to the East and cry:

"Are there no gentlemen to be had?"

And Wall Street shall wire back:

"No. They are all taking post-graduate courses at Harvard."

The encroachments of the Trust have been gradual. As recently as 1890 three cowpunchers, two cannibals and a Piute Indian entered the University unquestioned, passed from Freshman to Senior year, and graduated as uncouth and untamed as when they entered. True, they experienced some discomfort when they ate with their knives in Memorial or gnawed ham-bones on the steps of Matthews. But those were free days. The soulless Gentleman Trust, though growing and fattening, had not yet overspread the Yard, wrapping a hissing tentacle about the Coöperative Store, with another embracing the tanklike architecture of the Germanic Museum, and with a third compelling Freshmen coming out of Gore to show their pedigrees or be forever banished away. Arriving at Cambridge, I hastened to disguise myself as a Regent, and, dropping through a transom, was awed to find myself in the presence of five Freshmen who were in the process of incubation. It is the boast of upper classmen that Harvard is not a "singing college." And this is the song they sang:

"How well I remember the days of sixty-one
When the cannon-balls were flying by the peck.
Along came a cannon-ball a-whizzing through the air
And hit Bill Jones in the neck.
Up jumps Bill; says 'e: "Me neck is tough—
They're trying for to kill me, but they can't"—
Those good old days beneath the Stars and Stripes (*Hand on Heart*),
When we fit for General Grant." (*Salute.*)

Raising their gaudy steins they continued:

"When we fit for General Grant, by Gosh!
When we fit for General Grant!
Those good old days beneath the Stars and Stripes (*Hand on Heart*),
When we fit for General Grant." (*Salute.*)

The Cambridge muckers, passing, gazed up with that unenvying indulgence with which a cat has been caught under a king's chair.

Of these five undergraduates four were from Newton Center, one was an Alcott, and three wore stripes around their hat-bands.

"Wouldn't it be worth while to write another verse bringing in Dean Halibut, University Four and Clarence-by-the-door? University Four—Clarence-by-the-door. There's a fine rhyme for you," exclaimed young Alcott.

"Is anything worth while?" sadly inquired Waldo, whose people were very proud of the fact that they didn't have too much money. He was rapidly acquiring the Harvard spirit.

"Life is a great deal of a piff, after all," agreed another, "but there's always the hope of getting into the Institute, you know."

"And there's the Ideal to live up to," sighed Bowdoin Alcott.

"I'm going to give a beer night," said one who could run and was one of the Motleys. "Who's going to chip five bones for the suds?"

Americanisms of all kinds seemed to interest these lads as the signs of a language which is fast becoming extinct, owing to the Young Instructors and a process of social elimination. Those who use colloquialisms are never allowed to roar with the other lions at Evenings at Home.

"Pardon me for butting out," remarked Waldo; "I'm going to study antiquities."

"Where? At the Germanic Museum?" was asked with languid curiosity.

"No. At Radcliffe. I have a lady cousin there."

"Skirts are all right in their place," said Motley, "but when a man's at college he must be careful where he feeds. No feminizing influence for mine."

"Right," agreed a pal. "It is better to be rough. Why?"

"Because," said Waldo, "they *will* call us Cultured."

All groaned at the fearful word.

"But look at Teddy Roosevelt," cried one.

"We point with pride," said the others in unison as they drifted away arm-in-arm.

And in the distance I could hear the strains of the grand old college anthem of which I give the following impressionistic version:

"When a fellow goes to college
It is not so much for knowledge
As for contact with his equals by selection.
If, perchance, he may deserve a
Smile from matronly Minerva
It's because of his good family connection.
Wisdom's flame is not convulsive—
We should never be impulsive,
Helter-skelter in our choice of friends erratic.
In the State of Massachusetts
There are very, very few sets
Whose companionship would make us democratic.

"So it's drink, drink, drink
At the jolly Pipe and Bowl!
And it's three times three for Harvard
With a skoal, skoal, skoal!

"If our looks grow rather frigid
And our stately spines stand rigid
At the thought of what the Outlanders begrudge us,
Treat them gently, friends—remember
That of Truth we are the Ember
And the Shrine—so who are they that they should judge us?
For our learning is the surest
And our accent is the purest,
And the man who can't admire us is an odd fish.
One who never knew the mission
Of our classical tradition
Or the wisdom of the Contemplative Codfish.

"So it's sing, sing, sing
At the jolly Cap and Gown!
With a three times three for Harvard,
Drink it down, down, down!

"We have passed the puerile season
And have reached the Age of Reason,
Though it's futile to explain how we arrive here.
Still, a certain pride is owing
To our quality of rowing,
For victorious water-babies sometimes thrive here.
But our Great Men all remind us
We have ancestors behind us
And are logic-ally to the banner born, sir;
So the man who gets his knowledge
From another brand of college
Should be looked on more in pity than in scorn, sir.

"So it's cheer, cheer, cheer
At the jolly Book and Bell,
And it's three times three for Harvard
With a yell, yell, yell!"

"Don't say Har-r-r-vur-r-rd, Father."

And so, in a few minutes' time, now changing my disguise, now concealing myself in the quaint architecture of the Yard, I learned that something was afloat. I am going to tell you by what treasonable intrigue the Grand Moguls of the Gentleman Trust go about it to corner the year's crop. I shall not reveal it all at once, but shall reserve the most lurid sensations for some future chapter, hoping that by then you will have lost all interest in the subject and thus will save me the embarrassment of confessing that I do not know.

The case of Alexander Quaggles, who graduated in '02 (or was it '06?), is an interesting chapter in the methods of the System. Quaggles, who was a spirited, independent lad, promised his mother, when he left his home in Keebunk, South Dakota, that he would not forsake the lessons taught him by his beloved parents, and that, through all his college years, he would *never* be a gentleman.

Alexander had no bad habits. He refused cigarettes and ate his tobacco wholesomely from the plug. His clothes were mostly heirlooms and his trousers crooked at the knees because his grandfather had been a devout Methodist. Stern and calculating upper classmen noted that there were neither Harvard traditions nor Harvard atmosphere about Alexander.

How Quaggles Became a Gentleman

QUAGGLES was an academic impossibility. He noted sadly that most of the undergraduates wore bunting around their hats and turned the brims down toward their coat collars, also they traveled in bunches and whistled to each other from dormitory windows. Alexander was more exclusive than they were. He didn't know anybody. He never went with any special clique or set; in fact, the only person he really got chummy with was the man who ran the ice-cream-soda fountain across from the college gate. One day the ice-cream man looked at Alexander suspiciously and asked if he was one of the Salem Quaggleses. The question discouraged the boy so much that he faded away to his boarding-house and began talking to himself to keep from feeling lonesome.

Well, it turned out that Alexander was harboring one ambition in his uncouth soul. He wanted to play football. When the head coach sounded a call for recruits, Alexander was there with a new sweater which stretched rather tight over his high, Gothic angles. He was assigned to something like Squad Thirteen; but inside of two weeks he had crippled half the college and the gods of athletics spoke of him in whispers as "material."

It was shortly before the first big game of the year that the Dictators of the Sport, all members of the Gentleman Trust, met to pick the team. An Assistant Dictator handed the Head Dictator the following list:

Right Half—Hefty—Corn-Dodger Club.
Left Half—Brown—of Salem.
Fullback—Brawn—Grandson of Governor Brawn.
Quarter—Nimbleton—one of the Plymouth Nimbletons.
Left End—Husker—Porcupine Club.
Left Tackle—Buckaway—Whose mother calls on mine.
Left Guard—Emerson—In some way related to the Philosopher.
Centre—Tubb—Cousin of the famous centre of that name.
Right Guard—Commonwealth—of the well-known family.
Right Tackle—Smith—of the Brookline Smiths.
Right End—Quaggles ——

"'Right end, Quaggles?'" repeated the Head Dictator. "There is certainly some mistake here. Opposite the names of all the other members of the team there is some memorandum concerning his antecedents or club. But here we have Quaggles—just plain Quaggles, of Anywhere Outside. What qualifications can he have?"

"He plays a corker of a game," said the Assistant Dictator. "When you see him coming down the field with the ball you want to crawl into a cyclone cellar till he has passed over. He has an interference like a barb-wire entanglement, and he can drop the ball on a ten-cent piece at a distance of five hundred yards ——"

"That will do," said the Head Dictator coldly. "Put Appleberry in his place. Appleberry is a member of my club, and I know that his family is above reproach."

"But ——"

"'But me no buts,'" said the Head Dictator. "We may lose the game, but we must not sacrifice our honor."

The hour of the Big Game arrived. Appleberry played in the first half, at the end of which time he was torn in two so untidily that the doctors shook their heads and declared that, even if he could be sewed together neatly, he would probably drop apart unless handled very carefully.

"Put in a substitute!" growled the Head Dictator.

"The only available substitute is ——"

"What? Quaggles? He cannot play."

"Then the game is lost!" cried six coaches and the manager.

There was a melodramatic pause, during which the Dictator clutched at his collar and gasped:

"He cannot—he *cannot* play! Why, he is not even a gen ——"

At this moment in popped a messenger-boy, breathless with haste, and pressed a yellow envelope in the Dictator's hand. (This is rather an elderly stage device, but I borrowed it from that triumph of college unrealism, Brown of Harvard.)

The message read:

"Let Quaggles play. He is a Quaggles of Quagglesboro."

Quaggles was at once dragged forth 'midst the glad tears of the head coach and the cheers of the team. Three times three did the rah-rah split the autumnal air as Quaggles, redeemed, stepped forth to battle for the Crimson.

From that moment Quaggles forgot the promise he had made his poor old mother. He became a gentleman. As soon as his broken rib had healed he spent the balance of his allowance for a new suit of clothes, a dozen pairs of glorious socks and shirts that spoke eloquently. He tied a strip of bunting around his hat and let the brim flap behind. After he had been hauled out for the Dickey and made to ride the Cambridge cars in the attire of a ballet-dancer, he wrote the following letter to his father:

Dear (Pa) Pater:

I have been trimming pretty close to my allowance during the past few weeks and at last find that I am quite strapped, don't you know, for several things that I need very much. I've popped my old togs with Max Keezer, the second-hand clothes man, but all I got out of it was tobacco-money for a day or so. You see, paying for text-books is a constant drain on one's allowance—I don't seem to be able to borrow them as I did in the Keebunk High School. I also find that I shall have to take rooms in Claverly, nearer the Yard, as Mrs. Johnson's is rather too remote. I am advertising for a good bull-dog and I know where I can get a collection of imported beer-mugs cheap. If you would send the money by telegraph it would get here quicker and be just as safe. So long!

Your loving son,
ALEXANDER.

P. S.—I sold my bicycle to a milkman for $12.

The Case of Boo

It is said that the note so worried Old Mister Quaggles that he mortgaged the farm and went to Cambridge to see his son. He was shocked by the change in the boy's appearance and sighed:

"Alec, I thought ye promised me and yer Ma that ye wouldn't be a gentleman, like them fellers ye see a-smokin' up and down the Har-r-r-vur-r-rd campus."

"Don't say Har-r-r-vur-r-rd, father," corrected the boy. "We pronounce it Ha'vud here! Ha'vud—with an accent on the 'Ha,' as in 'ha-ha.' And at Ha'vud we have no 'campus'—we call it the 'Yard'!"

Body and soul, Alexander had been absorbed into the Trust.

How Boo Went to the Bow-wows

ONE more instance. Boo-Gooly-O, a Free-Lunch Cannibal of the Sandwich Group, sent his son to Harvard in 1808. A long dead friend of my cousin's knew the old gentleman himself, so I can vouch for this story. Young Boo ate at Memorial, and at the end of his Freshman year made the Mandolin Club. Then he went home for his summer vacation. The kind, old, white-haired cannibal and his wife were waiting on the beach to welcome their son's return. A bevy of native maidens gave the Harvard yell and waved crimson blossoms. With her own worn hands old Mrs. Boo had prepared a dainty luncheon—lobster à la Newberg, made from a boatload of fresh tourists from New York.

But young Boo merely listened languidly to the chatter of the old folks and the gossip of the native maidens. He scarce tasted the dish which he had loved so well in his boyhood days—now, alas! departed.

"Parents," he sobbed, when he could no longer bear their reproachful looks, "the old fricassee doesn't taste the same. Nothing here seems to interest me any more. I don't think that even missionaries fried in butter would tempt me now—my appetite's gone. I'm a Harvard man."

The mother wept with her son and bade him return to the only place where he could be happy among his equals. The father presented him with a war-club and the farewells were said.

Young Boo is now an instructor in the English department. He lectures on the Higher Impulses of the Renaissance; but, when he is out for a good time, he speaks lightly of Heredria and the Parnassian coterie. He thinks that Shakespeare was something of a piker and he loathes Tolstoi, because he is coarse and primitive.

Further information I got from a young Instructor. This bird, I may explain, nests perennially around Gore and the Colonial Club. In appearance he is deceptive. He does not know half so much as he pretends, because that half is beyond the reach of human science or animal intuition. According to the Lampoon, the Young Instructor, like Cæsar, claims Gall as his by right of discovery. "All Gall is divided into three parts, Culture, Conceit and Cant." He holds a salon in his rooms every Tuesday evening and invites a lion. If the lion fails to show up he lionizes himself.

"We are great," said the Young Instructor kindly, retaining his thumb and forefinger in his volume of Boccaccio, "as our Alumni Outside show us to be."

I said nothing and he continued:

"As far as I am personally concerned I prefer Oxford. England is the only really cultured part of America to-day. But we hold as closely as possible to her accent, thereby keeping a place undefiled where the crude savages who inhabit the western part of the continent may resort in order that they may learn how to talk—with very little trouble to us."

"I am surprised," I said, "to hear with what flippancy the undergraduate speaks of his University. Is it, then, of no importance at all?"

"None whatsoever—to him," allowed the Young Instructor, offering me a cigar to show how thoroughly he affiliated with all classes. "It is of importance above all other colleges—only to us. My grandmother's great aunt was burned as a witch, A. D. 1687." He looked modestly over my head so as to spare me a consciousness of the

(Concluded on Page 21)

LETTERS TO WOMEN IN LOVE

The Spoiled, the Adored, the Irresistible American Girl

By Mrs. JOHN VAN VORST

THE few letters which follow are not love-letters, but they treat of love. Love-letters, as a matter of fact, are interesting only for the person to whom they are addressed. But letters to people in love—are they not addressed more or less to the world at large? The very oldest woman I ever knew, a Frenchwoman, said once to me:

"No woman would begin her existence over again, no matter how sorry she might be to leave this world. The truth is, to live is to suffer. But," and here she drew very close to me, "there is one thing I regret." My eye questioned hers. "What do you regret?" And she answered in a whisper: "Love."

I

To Miss Beatrice Thayer, Fifth Avenue, New York.

My dear Beatrice:

You are not very much of a letter-writer, I know. I have heard from you not more than a dozen times in the last few years since you left school. I must attribute the long epistles you used to send me from Farmington to the fact that it was the fashion among the girls in the graduating class to have "lots of correspondents." You were rather flattered, I don't doubt, at my constancy. But you know how fond I was of your dear mother, and that, ever since her death, I have looked upon you as a sister in a measure. I can't realize that you are twenty-two. For me you will always remain a child. Indifferent you doubtless are to this being "looked upon as a child," but when you grow older it will seem very sweet to you. In any case I take the liberty of occupying myself about you, quite as though you had turned to me for protection!

Well, then, in the first place—for this is the reason of my present letter—you can imagine my surprise on receiving from Reginald Wells a long, long letter—all about you!

You know my especial fondness for Reggie. He is one of my favorites, one of the old-fashioned sort who still have a little time now and then for their friends of long standing. Reggie never comes over to see his uncle in Washington without stopping off at Baltimore to lunch or dine and have a good talk with me. I never remember very much what we have talked about, but I do keep a most charming recollection of his grace and good looks, of his spontaneous frankness, his boyish naïveté, his exquisite courtesy, his reverence, and his youth, with all the power that the qualities I name can give to a man. Reggie is twenty-seven I know, yet I had never thought much about him from a sentimental point of view (except to reflect that all girls must be in love with him, and that he would some day be sure to marry), when all of a sudden came this letter about you, showing that he is deep in an adventure of the heart, and that for him, as for the rest of us, the course of true love does not, and never has, run smooth.

I can't send you the letter—that would not be quite fair to Reginald—but I must tell you in a measure what he says, and find out from you how you feel on the subject.

Reginald Wells loves you. Of course, this you knew.

His affection is not the commonplace attachment of any young man who is attractive for any young girl who is pretty. He is attractive and you are pretty—but he really appreciates you. He speaks of you in the most beautiful way—of your character, the power you have for bringing out the very best there is in a man. He understands you, and he is not surprised that you should care nothing for him. You have so much charm and magnetism that you could win any one you wanted to. He does not find it astonishing that he should not appeal to you, with his humdrum existence. He has very little time, when his work is done, to devote to artistic, literary and intellectual pursuits. These he must forswear so long as his income, fair as it is, has not placed him among the real "men of leisure."

Yet, though Reggie continues to affirm that you don't care for him, he suggests in a number of little ways that perhaps you may.

He says, for instance, that he doesn't think there's any other man you do love. He tells me you have often asked him to come down with your father to Long Island from Friday to Monday in the summer. And he also adds that he and Mr. Thayer are the best of friends.

But I jump from one thing to another without giving you the details as Reggie gave them, and as you are going to answer them in your letter to me.

Editor's Note—This is one of four crucial instances, typical of the experience of many women. The others—the jealous woman, the woman poised on the centre of indifference, the woman on the verge of divorce—will appear in separate papers, each complete in itself, to follow in succeeding early numbers.

Not that You were Really Disagreeable to Him

When he first met you, on his Class Day, he knew that he could never care for anybody else. You had come up to Cambridge with the sister and mother of his roommate. As soon as he saw you together he was jealous, horribly jealous. He imagined that the man who had shared his quarters with him for two years had been hiding a love affair—since he had never mentioned your name—and was now to announce his engagement. The announcement, however, did not come, and Reggie says that at the beginning you seemed glad to have him so attentive to you; you encouraged him, and he was the happiest man in the world.

You let him send you flowers and books. He hadn't the slightest idea you were a flirt—indeed he doesn't think so now. Only all of a sudden you seemed to change. He couldn't talk with you as he had. You were flippant, you laughed at the things he said seriously, and took seriously the things he meant you to laugh at. He grew constrained and could not even make up his mind to ask you whether anything had happened. He tried to believe it was his imagination, that you would, from one day to the other, go back again to your old manner with him. Not that you were really disagreeable to him. On the contrary, you were perfectly friendly, and, indeed, when he came down to the country you went about with him more freely than you had. It was simply, he realized, as he analyzed his feelings, that you could never have for him the sort of sentiment he had for you.

And Reginald does not want you as a friend! What shall he do? His dream which, like an iridescent bubble, once reflected the world on the lovely colors of its rounded sides, has been brusquely reduced to the little damp spot that astonished us so as children. What shall he do?

I must answer him, but I don't want to write before hearing from you.

"You don't want Reggie to suffer, but you can't make him happy." Is that it?

You can't be insensible of what he describes. It must be disagreeable for you, too, this sort of constraint that has come into your relations with each other.

You are not, surely, among the class of girls who delight in being absolute mistress of every situation, and who would rather that others suffer than to feel anything themselves.

You are too young for stoicism. Then what is your attitude?

Above all, don't be provoked with Reggie for writing to me, and don't be vexed with me for telling you of it.

From here I can see your desk—not a bit the sort which is conducive to letter-writing. There are always pictures and flowers, and copies of magazines, and kodaks, and open boxes of candy, and paper-covered novels piled upon it (with strict injunctions to the housemaid "not to touch anything").

Somewhere underneath all these frivolous and half-sentimental upper strata there is a silver-cornered blotter, a massive inkstand and an elaborate pen (rusty, no doubt).

Please, dear, do a little house-cleaning. Get down as far as the pen-and-inkstand and let me hear from you.

II

To the same:

I was delighted with the rapidity of your answer.

And the fierce indignation with which you respond—how indicative it was! You are young, pretty, charming, cultivated. What more natural than that you should be loved, and fall in love yourself? Yet the mere indirect suggestion of such a thing brings an outburst.

"Love Reginald? You've always been very fond of him, but there's never been any question of *love!*"

Fortunately your letter doesn't end here. You do make a few concessions.

He has never asked you to marry him, in the first place. In the second place, you have never told him that you didn't like him. In the third place, he must be rather dull not to understand that you couldn't see as much of him as you do if he were—or ever could be—more to you than a friend. . . .

In other words, what you mean is that you are perfectly willing Reginald Wells should be your devoted slave, you are perfectly willing that he should think of you, be with you, dream about you to the exclusion of all else. In return you deign to see as much of him as you can without being bored. You would be indignant if he were less attentive to you, or more attentive to some other girl. To speak frankly, you care for Reggie just enough not to want any one else to have him! This promises charmingly for his future happiness!

And really I am no better off than I was before. I am half-inclined to telegraph Reggie that he is wasting his time, and that he might better turn his thoughts aside from the stony-hearted Beatrice!

III

To the same:

Last night the maid brought me your telegram. "Don't write R. until hearing from me." I spent the evening in agreeable speculation as to how soon I should be able to congratulate Reggie on his engagement. I blessed you for having come to your senses. Not at all!

This morning the post brings your letter. Reggie had been away for several days, and you waited until you could see him before quite making up your mind as to what you really think. Not that you spoke to him of his confession to me: that would have been disloyal. But you sought while you were with him—I know you—to analyze your feelings now that you are sure he cares for you.

This certainty with regard to his sentiments had two distinct effects upon you. You were more self-confident, you were more indifferent. You had an added sense which came from the assurance of his love, and this same assurance took from the charm of conquest a piquancy it had hitherto possessed. Am I right?

There is nothing more alluring in life than this moment which precedes the declaration of a man. . . . I was going to say a man with whom you are falling in love. How you would have resented that if I had said it!

As soon as a man has actually announced his adoration then conscience is called into play and you must take a decision. But during the interim you live in the atmosphere of irresponsibility. You disregard all conventional codes of conduct; and you are as flippant, as reckless, as pathetic, as emotional, as you like—not fearful of consequences because you know the present situation cannot last; and heedless of opinion because you know you are adored.

Well, after an hour with him you thought you could be happy with him, perhaps, but you don't believe that you would be unhappy without him.

You don't absolutely declare that you will never marry him. If he really loves you, he must wait. It won't hurt him to wait, since he seems to think you are worth waiting for.

Finally, as far as I can make out, the sum of your remarks is about this: you hate the idea of an engagement. You can imagine marrying, but you can't imagine being engaged.

I am not going to write to Reginald at all. I have nothing to say to him. It is with you that I shall continue my correspondence.

IV

To the same:

Your effusive epistle in defense of the American girl has reached me. America, you say, has created a new variety of female: the unmarried woman who is not an old maid.

Then, Occasionally, There is an Awful Revulsion in His American Mind

Every other country arranges society in such a way that wives alone hold any sway. With us the lion's share, in the distribution of social rights, has been given to girls. America is as proud of her "crop" of young girls each year as she is of her roses, or her harvest of golden wheat. All this is true, I admit, but I don't see in it, as you do, advantages only.

There is not another land, to be sure, which has its "Gibson Girl." If you run through hastily any one of the Gibson albums you see that the history of American society, sentimental, dramatic, economic, intellectual, is written in the American girl.

How can they resist so much attention?

The truth is they don't. Between the ages of twenty and twenty-five they have no other object in life but to "have a good time."

Everybody encourages them. It seems as though the whole country rejoiced to think that it possessed a true aristocracy as a reward for the gigantic effort it is sustaining—an aristocracy which enjoys leisure and luxury, which is guided by no other rule than its own pleasure. Truly the aristocrat of the aristocracy is the American girl.

But the toilers of the land are not a bit jealous and envious like some classes that are oppressed. There is not a hard, overworked father in America who doesn't feel keen, secret pride at "the way his girls do things."

And the "girls"—the princesses or queens they might better be called—of this privileged group have the same nonchalant idea as other aristocrats regarding their duties toward society in general. Delightful as the process may be of never doing anything that bores one, and of living to have a good time, there may be certain shortcomings in the results of such conduct.

What are these results?

When the "Gibson Girl" has been "paid attention" by any quantity of men, and for a number of years, it grows very difficult for her to determine on any one of her suitors, doesn't it? She has become critical—very naturally. All suitors seem to her more or less alike; they have the same good points, the same weaknesses. They don't really understand her ambitions.

Why then should she pick out one more than another when she can dispose of half a dozen?

Why should she inflict upon herself the monotonous society of any one when she can be surrounded by any number?

Why should she submit to the annoyance of being bound when she can exercise her caprices as though they were laws, and enjoy her liberty at the same time?

Don't you suppose that our young American men are disconcerted by such procedures? Don't you realize how discouraged they are to feel that the girl they love requires constant amusement, luxury, wealth, diversion in order to be happy?

Perhaps she benefits by all these advantages simply because they are at hand and because her father provides them for her. Perhaps they are not an indispensable part of her happiness. But how is the poor young man to know this?

In his uncertainty he hesitates to declare his love. He dreads seeming presumptuous if he supposes that his devotion alone can make up for so much liberty, so much gayety, and the alluring frivolity that any girl would necessarily have to renounce in marrying him.

If he makes a timid advance the chances are he will be discouraged. So he withdraws disheartened, bitter. And who knows? Perhaps two people have missed their opportunity for a real, enduring happiness—two people who were worthy of each other, who might have led useful lives and who together would have added to the general advancement of the whole country. Who knows?

Let us suppose that I address myself to a girl who is postponing the moment for saying "Yes" simply because she fears to appear ridiculous in the eyes of her friends. It is understood that I am thinking of her, not of you, and with her I am quite at ease; so I say:

"You don't want to be married before you are twenty-five?"

"Not before I am twenty-eight!"

"And until then?"

"I'll see; there's plenty of time."

"You'll see what?"

"I'll see if I find a man who suits me well enough to give up my liberty for him."

"And if you don't find this man who comes up to your ideals?"

"I can still have a good time just as I am."

"And after that?"

"I will try to take up something interesting."

"Or somebody?"

"Perhaps. I shall do as the rest do. I'll go in for philanthropy."

Ah! This is just what I hoped you would say. You fell into my trap delightfully. You recognize that, at a given moment, you will have had enough of yourself, and that in order not to hate life you will have to take up some outside work, a charity. Why do you end there?

Why not begin there?

Why occupy yourself with a charity when you are already worn out and half through existence? Why not give your attention at once to the "neighbor" who "loves you as you love yourself"? Why not do this, while you are young and lovely, with every right to hope, and to be happy?

What neighbor do I mean?

Reginald, of course!

Oh, but I forgot! It wasn't with you, it was with the *other* girl I was talking!

V

To the same:

I am sorry not to see you before you sail. Not that I would prevent your departure if I could, even though it does mean turning your back upon poor Reggie!

I should like to talk over with you your plans, and enjoy in advance all that you are going to see. But you sail in a week!

I cannot come to New York, you can't come to Baltimore; so we shall have to continue in this way our intercourse.

It is perhaps not the worst of ways.

Shall you write to Reggie? Do you want me to write him about you while you are gone? How long shall you stay? And where shall you be?

Let me hear from you, if only a line, before you leave.

VI

To the same:

Your note, sent back by the pilot, has just reached me. So you saw him the night before you sailed and he "almost" proposed.

How does a man "almost" propose, I wonder?

There are among the friends of every girl I know about a dozen men who have "almost." I should like some day to question them and have their views on the subject of this semi-achieved proposal.

But what touches me even more is something you tell me of yourself: you "almost" accepted Reggie. He never looked so attractive to you as he did that night in his evening clothes—his eyes were so dark—he really is much the best-looking man you know, and he seemed to care so terribly about your going away. So you "almost" accepted him.

I can't say that my anxiety for Reggie's fate is altogether calmed. No, not that. But I am glad you are going away in this lenient attitude toward my friend.

Women are so impressionable before they really love. It is characteristic of us to consider every incident with the man for whom we are forming an attachment, as final. The least little thing he does weighs ponderously for or against him in our hearts. If it is some small neglect we observe, instantly the protest rises to our lips: "He's not the sort of man I could *ever* marry!" If, on the contrary, he has surprised us agreeably we are pleased at our own good taste which murmurs contentedly: "*That's* the sort of man I could care for."

So I am glad, dear, that it was under this impression you separated from Reggie.

Traveling, for a woman, is, as a matter of fact, the most dreary of occupations if she has not some sentimental preoccupation for which to make a setting with all the changing scenes she visits.

If she can say to herself: "He has been here, he has seen this," or, "Perhaps we'll come here some day together," or "How much more we could see if he were only here," then the perpetual packing and unpacking, the climbing in and out of omnibuses and trains, the visiting of museums and churches, lose their prosaic monotony and become the action in an imaginary romance.

It is something in this spirit that I fancy now you will see Europe. You are coming north from Naples through Italy, and then to Paris. Write me only when you reach the French capital. Until then you will be too busy sightseeing. But in this traveler's activity the heart is wonderfully at leisure.

And who could traverse Italy untouched? I have seen elderly, gray-haired women grow flushed and agitated in listening merely to a gondolier retail some one of the amorous legends of Venice. The story may have been silent a hundred years, the lovers dead and underground, but its echoes sound like magic; ears grow young again and eyes grow luminous as the picture rises in such admirable surroundings. There is something in the very atmosphere of

Your Father is Deep in the Old-Book Question

Italy that stirs the longing to be loved which has no age. In youth we nourish it with hope; in the later years we silence it with memories.

What a pity Reggie could not follow you!

Good-by, dear, until Paris. Address me always here.

VII

To the same:

I have kept my promise. Not a line have I sent Reggie about you since you left. You, of course, have written to him "now and then." It would be too much to expect that you should send him really long, good, comforting letters! I can fancy his gratitude for the little foreign post-marked scraps you have deigned to address him. But just the same, haven't you been glad to receive his faithful messages? There were four waiting for you, and a cable, when you reached Paris. They made you "awfully homesick." It seems as though you had been away a year and you don't even talk of coming back yet. Your father is deep in the old-book question, hunting editions, having bindings copied, and so on. You say there is "nothing especial for you to do." In fact, you seem frankly bored!

A woman bored in Paris?

There is only one thing to account for it. Paris is the best place in the world to be when you're not in love, or when you're with the person you love—but separated from him, I confess, it is *mortel*. The very resources contribute to aggravate your *ennui*.

In America everything is arranged for the woman. Uptown we possess New York. What is there we can't do, and alone?

London, on the other hand, is all planned for the man. Even the hansom cab is a masculine invention which entirely overlooks skirts. The shop windows abound with leather articles, toilet articles, colonial articles, all for men.

But Paris? It is meant for the man and the woman together, and to the exclusion of the rest of the world. For the French, love, sentimental companionship, is not a luxury. Like the red wine they drink it is a necessity for all classes. The French workingman designates his sweetheart as "the one with whom I can talk," . . . his comrade, some one he needs in his daily life.

And what is thus openly expressed by the artisan has become, it would seem, the *raison d'être* of Paris. What are the salons which have made French society famous? They are nothing more than the reunion of men and women who can "talk together." The woman's lunch and the "stag" dinner are unknown in France. Even at the professional banquet, which a doctor or a lawyer offers to his colleagues, the women of his family appear, to help him receive his guests.

My dear, have we not seen men in France exercise their talents even in the most womanly realms? What, since time immemorial, have been more especially designated as feminine pursuits than cooking and dressmaking? Yet, in Paris, who are the best cooks? Men, all of them. Who are the best dressmakers? All of them men!

Don't think I am straying away from my subject. You are my subject, and I am convinced that the atmosphere of Paris is favorable to my wishes regarding you.

Montesquieu said two hundred years ago:

"When one has been a woman in Paris, one is never satisfied to be a woman anywhere else!"

Why?

Because the women of France are cherished until they are twenty, courted until they are fifty, and reverenced in their declining years. Thus, to be in Paris without some one to protect you, to make love to you or to adore you, is enough to make you long for . . . even for Reggie.

VIII

To the same:

You can't imagine how I enjoy even the foreign postmark on your letters. I turn them over and study them sometimes before slipping my paper-knife along the edges of the envelope to take out the transparent sheets of paper, too few, alas, and written over on one side only. Fortunately I can read between the lines, and I know Paris well. As a rule we Americans have the feeling of:

"Oh, how wonderful Paris would be if it were not for the French!"

But you seem to be an exception to this rule. You are full of enthusiasm over the manner in which French people "do things." Even the way the poor women dress their hair is a lesson to the New Englander who has too long looked upon the "crowning glory" as a nest of vipers.

And since you have seen how simply the French girl dresses, how satisfied she is with little before her marriage, and how this marriage appears to her as the only destiny for a woman, have you not come nearer than ever before to regretting that you were Mademoiselle—not Madame?

But this I don't, for the moment, presage. On the contrary, it would seem as though there were something in the atmosphere of Paris which was separating you, in thought at least, and only temporarily, I hope, from America and American ways, from the informality and *sans gêne* of our people, from us, from me—from Reggie.

Am I right?

(Concluded on Page 22)

AN AMERICAN INVASION

Bottled Prejudice and Uncorked Rewards

By GEORGE HIBBARD

BIEZ-SUR-CALME (L'Oin et L'Ourd) lay serenely under the warm rays of the late afternoon sun. From the flag of the Republic hanging listlessly on the flagstaff of the *Mairie* to the wash suspended unaffectedly near the door of the Père Godet's cottage not a thing stirred. In the absolute stillness the dull humming of the unseen bees in the near-by fields was borne on the soft summer air to the very heart of the little town. Farther off and round about, the low, vineyard-covered hills rose tranquilly in gentle lines of easy ascent. The whole country, dotted here and there with windmills, the sails of which were absolutely motionless, formed a reposeful setting of which Biez was the sleeping centre. At the time of the *vendage* the long carts loaded with grapes filled the roads, and small donkeys with baskets slung across their backs came and went up and down the slopes. Now, however, before the temporary arousal of the industry upon which the whole district depended, the scene was one of absolute peace.

The streets of the small city itself were completely deserted. The thick gray dust which a passing foot or a turning wheel would have raised in clouds was wholly undisturbed. The shadows from the blank, white walls were all that changed, creeping slowly with the sinking sun. The houses themselves seemed untenanted, for all blinds were shut.

In short, Biez-sur-Calme appeared very much the same as it had on many a pleasant summer's afternoon for scores and even hundreds of years, and was, as it earnestly hoped, to remain for many more.

Madame Clampin's fat tortoise-shell cat reposing on the doorstep was the only living thing in sight. The placid animal, indeed, typified the suspended animation of the whole place. If it opened its eyes at all, this was merely for the satisfaction of closing them again. If it moved or stretched, the exertion was made only for the greater luxury of the contrasting inactivity.

Biez-sur-Calme (L'Oin et L'Ourd) was sunk in a torpor which appeared unbreakable. Indeed, the fair scene was only comparable to some country of some *Belle aux Bois Dormant*. Somewhere the Sleeping Beauty must be waiting for the kiss of the bold Prince who did not come, and in the mean time all about slumbered until the moment of awaking.

Suddenly the door of a large and imposing mansion turned on its hinges. In the absolute hush the sound carried far. The brisk closing of the portal sent the bang echoing down the street. A young man with the unmistakable small mustache and more unmistakable large necktie of a young Frenchman dashed out and in a moment was far down the walk. His quickness of movement was the very antithesis of the universal rest, his alert expression a negation of the prevailing dullness.

The change wrought by his appearance was very much the same as if by some touch he had set the machinery of life agoing. He had not taken a dozen steps before shutters were thrown back and other doors hastily opened. Men and women and children craned to look at him when he had passed. The dwellings before which he was about to walk held ambushed spectators who might have awaited his coming. Nor was his advent received with any signs of pleasure. Rather, frowns followed him, and as the populace gazed at him and after him the faces wore a perplexed and apprehensive expression.

He broke into the Square—at one corner of which was situated the café—almost at a run. He hurried across it with an occupied air. He disappeared on the other side with a busy, bustling occupation of which nothing in Biez-sur-Calme gave any promise. Almost as if his passing had been a portent, people began to appear in the streets. Following this event of public importance the trusted representatives of the *bourgeoisie* of Biez one by one entered the *place*, and soon were assembled as if by some public call about the little tables underneath the awning and behind the row of tubbed orange trees.

Monsieur Poirequet, folding plump hands across a usually placid person, cast up despairing eyes in a manner to suggest an ocular shrug. As he had made this gesture regularly at the same hour for nearly a fortnight, the meaning of it was instantly recognized by his associates. As significant a shaking of heads succeeded.

"Behold," said M. Boissard, the insurance agent, "he pursues his ideal."

"The ideal of an idiot!" grumbled M. Tardieveau, purveyor of wood and *ancien maire*. "Those pigs of Americans! I wish that they had left our young La Tour alone."

"They have not come to seek him," remonstrated M. Tasker, the dentist. "He has permitted himself to be led astray by them. His whole reading has been about them. His entire thought has come to be concerning them. He

is at last infatuated, bedeviled with them and their ways. Therefore, he would alter our mode of life, even us ourselves."

"He does not rest in bringing it about," mourned M. Poirequet solemnly. "What changes do we find? You know by his exertions that the train which formerly arrived from Dehors, fifteen kilometers, in an hour, now makes the distance in a quarter less. A perilous swiftness! The result? Yesterday Pierre Benoist's cow was run over and killed."

"Perfectly," agreed Tardieveau, nodding. "This American mania for celerity! He has purchased the *Courier du Dimanche*, which came out but once a week. He has named it *La Vie Intense* and now it appears daily. The subscription, therefore, is more than doubled."

"American extravagance," added Boissard. "He demands at once an augmentation of the taxes for the purchase of a new clock for the Municipal Building, to replace the old one which is always but one half-hour behind the time."

"To show what Biez-sur-Calme will become," contributed Tardieveau, "when he has had his way, Madame Tardieveau already requires a new dress."

The silence of apprehension settled on the group.

"It is his plans for this mineral spring which he has discovered which should make us fear the most," continued M. Tasker. "He declares that we shall be like Vichy—like Aix. And in all the newspapers of France he advertises us."

"On all the walls, too," shuddered Poirequet.

"Ah, we have had peace before!" groaned M. Tardieveau.

"It will be ours no longer," presaged M. Boissard gloomily.

Indeed, up to his six and twentieth year Gaston Hippolyte de la Tour d'Aigremont had lived a blameless, untroubled and untroubling existence. From his earliest youth the watchful care of a widowed mother kept him from all contaminating contact with life—such as it was known at Biez-sur-Calme. When such teaching as he might receive in the dark, still *hôtel* in the Rue des Martyrs proved insufficient, he was dispatched each day, under the careful guardship of a *bonne*, to the College of Biez. Later, as preceptor, the Abbé Bocage had not let him from his sight. After he has passed his *baccalauréat*, hardly any change had taken place. Gaston Hippolyte displayed little inclination to sow any wild oats, whereat all were greatly contented, little suspecting the whirlwind soon to be reaped. A slight flirtation with Melpomene was his greatest indiscretion. Otherwise, his days had been as uneventful, colorless and characterless as only French provincial life may afford.

Then, suddenly the unexpected! After the calm the *débâcle*. Without a word of warning, the transformation succeeded. Gaston Hippolyte became another being. Gaston Hippolyte had been reading strange literature. With the printed words came thought—a combination which has proved at all times revolutionizing. Ideas were stirring in Gaston Hippolyte's mind, new ideas, and he did not delay in revealing the results of his cerebrations.

"Shall France, the beautiful," he demanded, "fall behind? Never, on your life! The times are changed. Other days, other ways. We must seek her glory in another manner. *A quoi tient la supériorité des Anglo-Saxons?* Why do the Anglo-Saxons get ahead of us? We must not close our eyes. We cannot shut our ears. I have learned the secret by much study of these wonderful American books and papers. France—France must be brought up to date. I shall begin at once with Biez-sur-Calme. From here, all seeing the good, the improvements will spread. France then will be the first in the new contests of commerce as she has ever been on the battle-field.

Madame la Comtesse de la Tour d'Aigremont (Gaston Hippolyte had at once revised his name so that his card read simply Monsieur Gaston Hippolyte de la Tour) in the first instance had failed to grasp the full meaning which was implied by the program announced. The cause of Progress, like all other causes, however, requires sacrifices and martyrs. The demands of the "Life Intense," as may be imagined, are exacting. A change in the d'Aigremont household, introducing a breakfast at the barbarous hour of nine, apparently the final subversion of everything, proved to be in reality only a beginning of overthrow.

"He has ordered the chef to supply *le tourte*, what he calls 'pie,' for *déjeuner*," the Countess grieved. "He says it is the material on which these Americans feed and with which they become so wonderful. The same nourishment, he argues, must produce the same effects. Ah, if Antoine were not an old servitor, his finer feelings would not permit him to remain!" The Countess broke off with a sigh which could have implied that her more tender sensibilities might have led her to wish that she herself were able to resign instead of remaining to continue a resignation amid such untoward circumstances.

Small innovations, however, would not suffice for Gaston Hippolyte. He was sighing for other advances to make, greater undertakings to conquer. Fortunately or unfortunately, an ample fortune, of which he was complete master, made any scheme he might take up easily practical. In the exceedingly ill-smelling and ill-tasting spring which, in one of his promenades for inspiration, he had discovered he quickly found his opportunity. His vivid imagination speedily saw Biez as it should be—a spreading place of baths and business. He flew to his books. Readily he learned methods of procedure. He would "boom" Biez. From one end of France to the other Biez should be known. Already he had built in fancy, and even had built in fact, a Casino. To be prepared to meet the demands for the waters which would be ordered from afar he had at once

An Unusual and Impressive Scene the Dusty Office Presented

commanded bottles—bottles without end—which had begun already to be delivered.

Citizens commenced to shake their heads as Gaston Hippolyte appeared in the streets. A certain coldness even became noticeable when he presented himself in the *salons* of the local aristocracy, when he appeared on the terraces of neighboring châteaux.

"I understand he would have us all red Indians," mumbled the scandalized *douairière* de Vielpré to the listening Abbé Bocage, as she sat, on a pleasant summer morning, in a hermetically closed apartment of the ancient *manoir* of Dormirdebout. "We must paint ourselves with the colors of the rainbow and go on the war-path."

"No one knows where he will stop," replied the Abbé with a shudder.

"And the d'Hocquincourt—that dear Madame d'Hocquincourt—what does she say about Lucie?"

Though the Abbé was perforce compelled to remain silent on this interesting subject through ignorance, the d'Hocquincourts had said enough—among themselves. No one could expect that opulent and illustrious family to make its outcries in public. Dignity with a race possessing a coat-of-arms placed among the blazons of the Crusaders at Versailles could not do otherwise than frown upon this new departure. The fact that the revenues derived from the renowned Chiquot, Carte d'Or, which was sent to all parts of the world and chiefly to the United States of America, flowed into the coffers of the noble family through the marriage of the Veuve Chiquot with the Marquis gave the family an added grandeur and increased their reason for displeasure. Though the source of the income was rather kept in the background, the splendor created by it was very much in evidence. Gaston Hippolyte's ideas were, therefore, viewed with strong disfavor.

The Marquise had several times mentioned the subject to the Marquis. As Gaston Hippolyte's undertakings became more varied and extensive, the need for consideration became greater.

"He is making an object of ridicule of himself," the Marquis lamented.

"He is squandering his money," the Marquise remarked, with the air of putting aside the observation of the Marquis as inconsequential.

"He says he will double his fortune with the profits from this spring which he is exploiting in the American fashion."

The Marquis glanced acrimoniously across a pleasant prospect of smiling meadows at a hoarding on which was affixed a placard with such large red letters as to be easily read even at that distance:

ETABLISSEMENT THERMAL
DE
BIEZ.
QUAND LE MALADE NE PEUT ALLER
AUX SOURCES
ELLES VIENNENT À LUI!

"When you are not able to go to the springs, they come to you," the Marquis murmured.

"The vulgar phrase is in all the newspapers and on half the roadsides of France," said the Marquise.

"He has spent hundreds on this *réclame*—this advertising."

"Thousands."

"And now what do you conceive he has done?"

The Marquise, failing to imagine the possible enormity, sharply shook her head.

"He has commanded a supply of bottles—oh, in carloads—to be prepared for the opening of the business. As he says in words I could not comprehend, 'to be ready for the rush.' What he has not wasted in publicity he has squandered in the purchase of the myriads of vessels for the sale of what is not yet in demand nor ever will be. And—ah—a joke if it did not touch us so near! I spoke but shortly with a member of one of the great glass firms, and he says that young Gaston has such little practical experience that he did not specify the nature of the article. As the order came from here, he is naturally being supplied with bottles the same as are used for the champagne, which, as you know, must be singularly strong and are more expensive. Ah, thus he does business! The young fool!"

The Marquis spoke of Gaston with a vigor which left no doubt as to his true opinion.

"If we put an end to the engagement——" the Marquise boldly ventured.

"The gossip—the scandal!" the terrified Marquis remonstrated.

"Turlututu!" the Marquise remarked decidedly. "The case is exceptional and all the world knows it. One is not expected to marry one's daughter to an imbecile."

Gaston Hippolyte had not been blind to the signs of growing disfavor. He naturally shrank from the blank and black looks cast on him. He suffered from the more or less direct innuendos repeatedly heard. At first he had been daunted. Then he concluded that all this but afforded another opportunity for him to prove the stuff of which he was made. He readily decided that the true principles of the Strenuous Life required that the greater the opposition the greater the determination. Not otherwise had the great American businesses been built up, the mighty American fortunes been amassed. When he had strengthened himself to the full with these reflections, he threw in for a full measure of encouragement one of the bits of wisdom of his own nation, which declared that the creation of omelettes was not possible without the fracture of eggs. Gaston Hippolyte sighed. He wished that so much breaking of eggs—and of precedents—was not necessary.

Ah—and Lucie! The thought of Lucie had almost stayed his purpose. What might she not think? He loved ardently that small person with the fluffy yellow hair and the great, dark, questioning eyes, who had hitherto said so little.

That the match had been arranged by the Comtesse de la Tour d'Aigremont and the Marquise d'Hocquincourt in

no way excluded much real romance. He adored little Mademoiselle d'Hocquincourt, who always had looked at him so timidly and so tenderly. Therefore, he was the more surprised when, one evening after dinner, the Marquise's chair being removed at least ten decimeters farther than usual, Lucie spoke to him softly—something she had never voluntarily done before.

"But why have you these ideas?" she whispered.

If a lamb in the Park as he passed had asked him the same question he could not have been more astonished.

"Which—what?" he gasped under his breath.

"These American ideas, which make every one mistrust you. Ah, believe me, I do not!" she added with one quick upward glance of her deep orbs which seemed to disprove the tradition of her training and gave him a sudden bewildering insight of something half-revealed which completed his agitation. "What difference does it make?" she hurried on boldly. "You are young. Why have thought but to enjoy yourself?" Her voice sank to a particularly low tone. "Though, believe me, I will—I read thus in an American book—always 'stick to you.'"

Gaston Hippolyte was entranced. Here was a victory! If he had for a moment doubted, all hesitation was gone. He would "go ahead" for all it was worth. The result was that on the succeeding afternoon an event occurred at the Château d'Hocquincourt which carried with it more consternation than might have been provided by the explosion of an anarchist's bomb. At a startlingly early hour, Gaston Hippolyte drew up before the *perron* in his automobile and, entering the portals of the historic pile, announced to the half-swooning Marquise that he had come to take Lucie for a "spin."

"I thought," he said, "that, as the day was pleasant, she might like to go for a little turn."

The Marquise, who had unquestionably been overcome, drawing on the blood of all of the Marquis' ancestors and the thought of the Chiquot income, rose quickly to the occasion.

"Depart!" she commanded with as close an imitation of Catherine de Medici as she was able to assume at a moment's notice.

When, however, Gaston Hippolyte had made his exit—in what fashion he was not afterward able to recall—she was obliged to give way to her emotions. The hurriedly summoned Marquis found her with difficulty struggling with her feelings under the ministrations of her maid.

"It is finished!" she declared tragically. "Such an insult—such a studied insult to our child and our house cannot be passed over! To be sure, I know that, in the horrid land from which he derives his ideas, there is a practice, a national custom, which they call 'buggy-driving.' It is one of their manners of espousal, one of the institutions of the country. But not here. I know my duty. Hasten at once to his mamma and announce that all is over."

Black care not only sits behind the horseman, it rides in the tonneau of the automobile. Possibly, with the complexities of modern life, the motorist may carry behind him even a heavier load than the cavalier. As this may be, Gaston Hippolyte, in the rôle of a reformer, discovered that his troubles were accumulating to a degree which he had not anticipated.

The tearful face with which the Comtesse de la Tour d'Aigremont received him after a long flight through the country—in which he was not able to shake off the pursuing Furies of apprehension—caused him no surprise.

"As I expected!" the Countess sobbed. "The Marquis has but just gone. He announced that a marriage is impossible between you!"

Gaston Hippolyte had been, as he supposed, prepared for the worst. The actual fact far transcended any possible imagining of disaster which he had entertained.

"Lucie!" he exclaimed, running his hand through his short and already erect hair. "I must lose Lucie? Never!"

"Nothing can be done," replied the Countess, with the greatest severity in her tone which she had ever been known

"My Faith!" Murmured Gaston Hippolyte, Sitting up and Beginning to Take Notice

to employ. "This is the result, my son, of your infatuation. Oh, renounce those Americans before it is too late!"

Fate, apparently, does not scorn to imitate the practice of the "ring." Often, when it has got in one good body-blow it will follow that up with another as speedily as possible. A request for an interview on the succeeding morning from M. Triboulet, the advocate, Gaston Hippolyte rightly concluded was ground for further anxiety. The legal adviser made his announcement with a sorrow manifestly mitigated for him by the fact that he had predicted the result.

"You will observe, Monsieur le Comte," he concluded trippingly, "that the situation is beyond redemption. The amount you have expended for the notoriety might be arranged—even what you have spent in erecting the Casino. But the sums of money you have paid, the contracts you have made for the bottles, must accomplish your financial destruction. The demand for the waters does not come, but the bottles they arrive by the carload—by the carload."

"I understood," objected Gaston Hippolyte sadly, "that anything might be done if you advertised enough."

"In America perhaps," said the good lawyer, with an accent which clearly implied that certainly they did those things very differently in France.

"You say that my fortune is threatened," Gaston Hippolyte observed.

"Absolutely gone, Monsieur le Comte."

Ruined, and Lucie lost! Gaston Hippolyte stood amazed at the pass to which his confidence had brought him. He could not understand it. Had he not done all with painstaking care as it was done in the land of "Uncle Sam"? The "proposition" had been placed before the world in the most alluring light, with the most lavish expense. Biez-sur-Calme had been transformed by his endeavors. Was this his reward? Suddenly he started. Clearly it was a mere incident. He had not considered. In fact, it was the usual thing. Of course, in America a man regularly lost his fortune in the morning and made it before night. Gaston Hippolyte's study had informed him that such was the every-day course of events in Wall Street and the "pit" in Chicago. He brightened up at once.

"I have a little money available."

"Five thousand francs, perhaps," Triboulet answered with hesitation.

"A little more and we shall win!" cried Gaston Hippolyte bravely.

"Hold!"—M. Triboulet, having fully enjoyed the sensation of proving himself in the right, was able to feel some sympathy for his client and friend—"For I must tell you: the worst is to come. I would that I could keep it from you. The spring——"

Even Gaston Hippolyte shrank before the severity of the blow implied by the *avocat* Triboulet's tone.

"The peasant Jacques, on whose land you discovered it, from whom you bought the property, has sworn——"

"What?" gasped the proprietor.

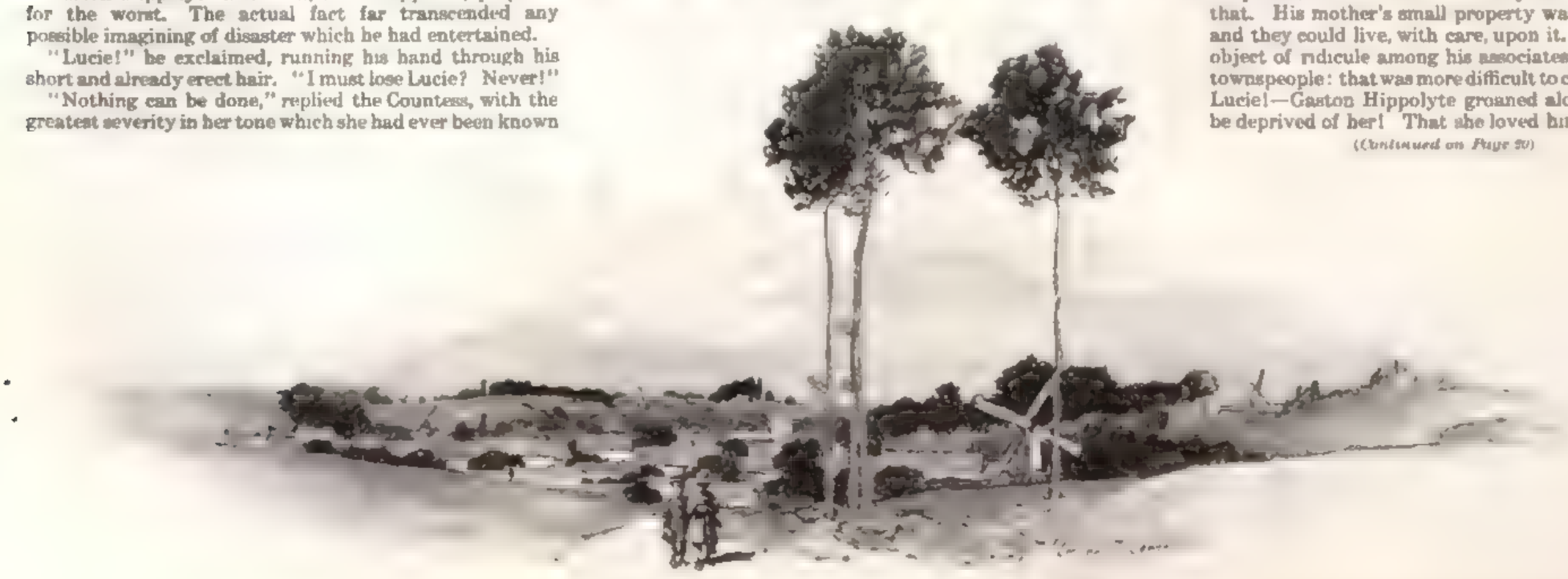
"It smelt so bad and tasted so bad that you at once concluded that its medicinal qualities must be excellent. This man attests that those peculiarities which you considered could be made so valuable were caused by the old turnips which at times it was his habit to cast into it. The great Professor Desclasses, the renowned *savant* of the academy of Donai, has investigated and found that the *source* is but simple water—and will so report."

Biez-sur-Calme was thoroughly agitated. The period of greatest disturbance which it had experienced at the height of Gaston Hippolyte's most active undertaking was as nothing compared to the present hour of commotion. The state of affairs was visible in the very streets—could be clearly read in the excited countenances of the inhabitants.

As on a former afternoon already noted, Gaston Hippolyte left the door of the family mansion in the Rue des Martyrs. The same assurance did not mark his entrance on the scene as had characterized his first appearance. Instead of striding forth with head erect, a challenging glance for all the world, he first peered nervously up and down the street. Discovering, as he believed, that the way was clear, he ventured forth. His manner of advance was distinctly different from his late triumphal progress. Whereas formerly he had proceeded with a bold front and confident mien, now there was something apologetic in his every motion. The sight of a figure at a corner caused him to turn and dart down a side alley. Swiftly, with the air of a fugitive from justice, he fled through several secluded lanes. He only moderated his pace when he was in the open country. Then at last he appeared to breathe again, to regain something of self-respecting confidence. He cast himself down beneath a tree screened from the highroad and at once gave himself over to profound cogitation. When one has erected castles in Spain, and they have tumbled down, one prefers to sit, Marius-like, alone among the ruins. In solitude Gaston Hippolyte faced the situation which confronted him, to fight it out with himself.

He tipped his straw hat over his eyes and looked up through the sunlit leaves. Had it come to this? Had his belief in the methods of the strangers made him an outcast in his own vicinage and among his own people? Hastily he ran over in his mind the varied incidents of his life since he had absorbed the poison which had stolen away his reason. Loss of money: he could bear that. His mother's small property was still intact and they could live, with care, upon it. A joke, an object of ridicule among his associates, among the townspeople: that was more difficult to contemplate. Lucie!—Gaston Hippolyte groaned aloud. Ah, to be deprived of her! That she loved him he did not

(Continued on Page 30)



GASPAR RUIZ

By JOSEPH CONRAD

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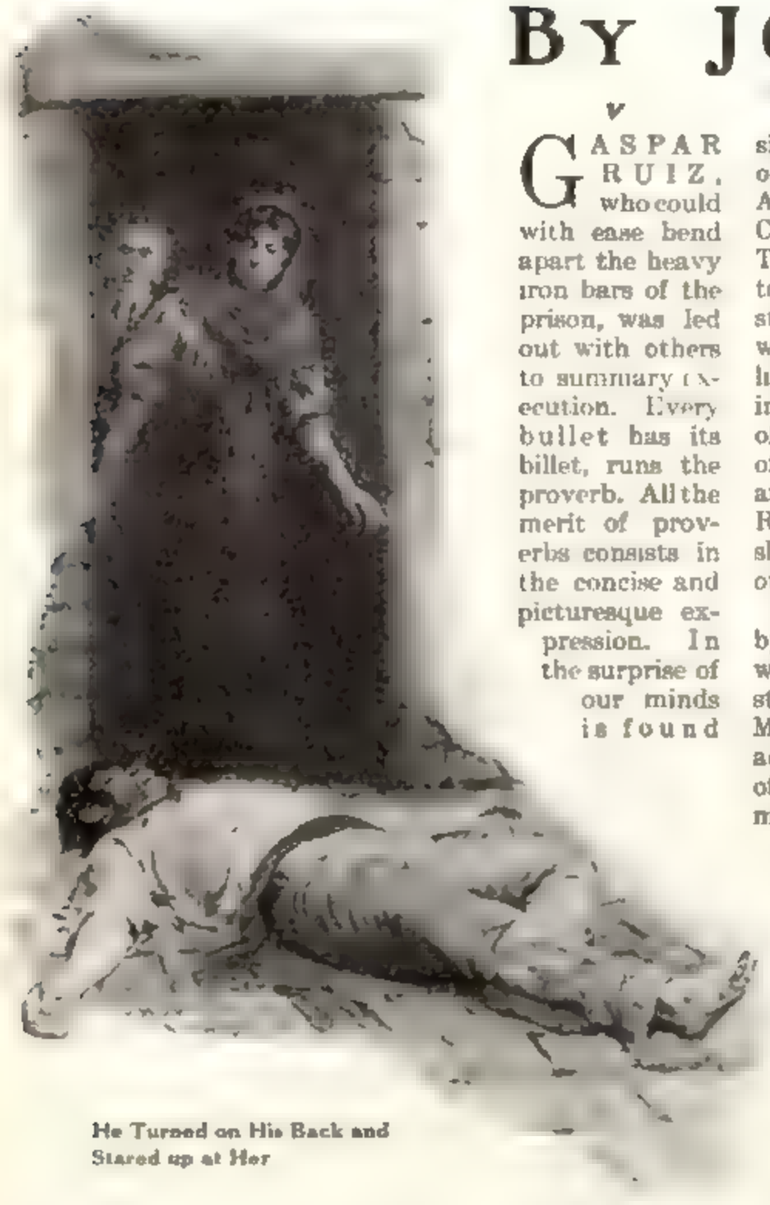


He Turned on His Back and Stared up at Her

their persuasiveness. In other words, we are struck and convinced by the shock.

What surprises us is the form, not the substance. Proverbs are art: cheap art. As a general rule, they are not true—unless, indeed, they happen to be mere platitudes, as, for instance, the proverb: "Half a loaf is better than no bread," or "A miss is as good as a mile." Some proverbs are simply imbecile, others are immoral. That one evolved out of the naïve heart of the great Russian people: "Man discharges the piece, but God carries the bullet," is piously atrocious and at bitter variance with the accepted conception of a compassionate God. It would, indeed, be an inconsistent occupation for the Guardian of the poor, the innocent and the helpless to carry the bullet, for instance, into the heart of a father.

Gaspar Ruiz was childless, he had no wife, he had never been in love. He had hardly ever spoken to a woman beyond his mother and the ancient negress of the household whose wrinkled skin was the color of cinders and whose lean body was bent double from age. If some bullets from those muskets fired at fifteen paces were specifically destined for the heart of Gaspar Ruiz, they all missed their billet. One, however, carried away a small piece of his ear and another a fragment of flesh from his shoulder.

A red and unclouded sun, setting into a purple ocean, looked with a fiery stare upon the enormous wall of the Cordillera, worthy witnesses of his glorious extinction. But it is inconceivable that it should have seen the ant-like men busy with their absurd and insignificant trials of killing and dying for reasons that, apart from being generally childish, were also imperfectly understood. It did light up, however, the backs of the firing-party and the faces of the condemned men. Some of them had fallen on their knees, others remained standing; a few averted their heads from the leveled barrels of muskets, one had his hands over his face. Gaspar Ruiz, upright, the burliest of them all, hung his big shock head. The low sun dazzled him a little and he counted himself a dead man already.

He fell at the first discharge. He fell because he thought he was a dead man. He struck the ground heavily. The jar of the fall surprised him. "I am not dead apparently," he thought to himself, when he heard the execution platoon reloading its arms at the word of command.

It was then that the hope of escape dawned upon him for the first time. He remained lying stretched out with rigid limbs under the weight of two bodies collapsed crosswise upon his back.

By the time the soldiers had fired a third volley into the slightly stirring heaps of the slain the sun had gone out of sight and, almost immediately with the darkening of the ocean, dusk fell upon the coasts of the young Republic. Above the gloom of the lowlands the snowy peaks of the Cordillera remained luminous and crimson for a long time. The soldiers, before marching back to the fort, sat down to smoke. The sergeant, with a naked sword in his hand, strolled away by himself along the heap of the dead. He was a humane man and watched for any stir or twitch of limb in the merciful idea of plunging the point of his blade into anybody giving the slightest sign of life. But none of the bodies afforded him an opportunity for the display of this charitable intention. Not a muscle twitched among them, not even the powerful muscles of Gaspar Ruiz, who, deluged with the blood of his neighbors and shamming death, strove to appear more lifeless than the others.

He was lying face down. The sergeant recognized him by his stature and, being himself a very small man, looked with envy and contempt at the prostration of so much strength. He had always disliked that particular soldier. Moved by an obscure animosity, he inflicted a long gash across the neck with some vague notion of making sure of that strong man's death, as if a powerful physique were more able to resist the bullets. For the sergeant had no doubt that Gaspar Ruiz had been shot through in many places. Then he passed on, and, shortly afterward, marched off with his men, leaving the bodies to the care of crows and vultures.

Gaspar Ruiz had restrained a cry, though it had seemed to him that his head was cut off at a blow; and when darkness came, shaking off the dead whose weight had oppressed him, he crawled away over the plain on his hands and knees. After drinking deeply, like a wounded beast, at a shallow stream, he assumed an upright posture and staggered on, light-headed and aimless as if lost among the stars of the clear night. A small house seemed to rise out of the ground before him. He stumbled into the porch and struck at the door with his fist.

There was not a gleam of light, and Gaspar Ruiz might have thought that the inhabitants had fled from it as from many others in the neighborhood had it not been for the shouts of abuse that answered his thumping. In his feverish and enfeebled state, the angry screaming seemed to him part of a hallucination belonging to the weird, dreamlike feeling of his unexpected condemnation, of the thirst suffered, of the volleys fired at him within fifteen paces, of his head being cut off at a blow. "Open the door!" he cried. "Open in the name of God!"

An infuriated voice from within jeered at him: "Come in, come in! This house belongs to you! All this land belongs to you! Come and take it!"

"For the love of God!" Gaspar Ruiz murmured.

"Does not all the land belong to you patriots?" the voice on the other side of the door screamed on. "Are you not a patriot?"

Gaspar Ruiz did not know. "I am a wounded man," he said apathetically.

All was still inside. Gaspar Ruiz lost all hope of being admitted and lay down under the porch just outside the door. He was utterly careless of what was going to happen to him. All his consciousness seemed concentrated in his neck, where he felt a severe pain. His indifference as to his fate was genuine. The day was breaking when he awoke from a feverish doze; the door at which he had knocked in the dark stood wide open now, and a girl steadying herself with her outspread arms leaned over the threshold. He turned on his back and stared up at her.

Her face was pale and her eyes were very dark; her hair hung down black as ebony against her white cheeks; her lips were full and red. Beyond her he saw another head with long, gray hair and a thin, old face, with a pair of anxiously clasped hands under the chin.

VI

"I KNEW those people well," General Santierra would tell his guests at the dining-table. "I mean the people with whom Gaspar Ruiz found shelter. The father was an old Spaniard—a man of property, ruined by the revolution. His estates, his house in town, his money, everything he had in the world, were confiscated by proclamation, for he was a great enemy of liberty. From a position of great dignity and influence on the viceroy's council he became of less importance than his own negro slaves made free by our glorious revolution. He had not even the means to get out of the country as other Spaniards had managed to do. It may be that, wandering ruined and houseless and burdened with nothing but his life, which was left to him by the clemency of the provisional government, he had simply walked under that broken roof of old tiles. It was a lonely spot. There did not seem to be even a dog belonging to the place. But if the roof had holes in it as if a cannon-ball or two had dropped through it, the wooden shutters were thick and tightly closed all the time.

"My way took me frequently along the path in front of that miserable ranch. I rode from the fort to the town almost every evening to sigh at the window of a lady I was then in love with. When one is young, you understand. . . . She was a good patriot, you may believe. *Caballeros*, credit me or not, political feeling ran so high in those days that I do not believe I could have been fascinated by the charms of any woman of Royalist opinions. . . ."

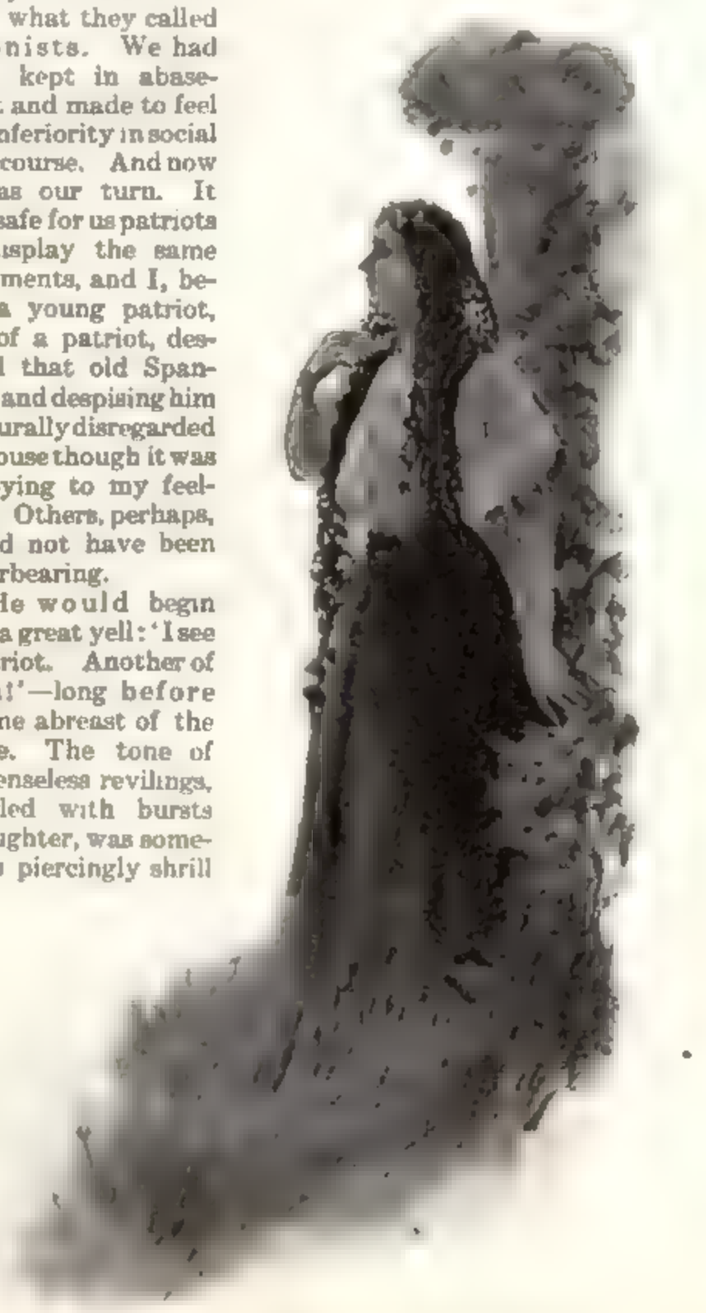
Murmurs of amused incredulity all round the table interrupted the general, and while they lasted he stroked his white beard gravely.

"*Señores*," he protested, "a Royalist was a monster to our overwrought feelings. I am telling you this in order not to be suspected of the slightest tenderness toward that old Royalist's daughter. Moreover, as you know, my affections were engaged elsewhere. But I could not help noticing her outside on rare occasions when the front door was open.

"You must know that this old Royalist was as mad as a man can be. His political misfortunes, his total downfall and ruin, had disordered his mind. To show his contempt for what we patriots could do, he affected to laugh at his imprisonment, at the confiscation of his lands, the burning of his houses and at the misery to which he and his womenfolk were reduced. This habit of laughing had grown upon him so that he would begin to laugh and shout directly he caught sight of any stranger. That was the form of his madness.

"I, of course, disregarded the noise of that madman with that feeling of superiority the success of our cause inspired in us Americans. I suppose I really despised him because he was an old Castilian, a Spaniard born and a Royalist. Those were certainly no reasons to scorn a man, but for centuries Spaniards born had shown their contempt of us Americans, men as well descended as themselves, simply because we were what they called colonists. We had been kept in abasement and made to feel our inferiority in social intercourse. And now it was our turn. It was safe for us patriots to display the same sentiments, and I, being a young patriot, son of a patriot, despised that old Spaniard, and despising him I naturally disregarded his abuse though it was annoying to my feelings. Others, perhaps, would not have been so forbearing.

"He would begin with a great yell: 'I see a patriot. Another of them!'—long before I came abreast of the house. The tone of his senseless revilings, mingled with bursts of laughter, was sometimes piercingly shrill



She Returned My Stare in a Strange, Inquisitive Way

and sometimes grave. It was all very mad, but I felt it incumbent upon my dignity to check my horse to a walk when I passed the house without even glancing toward it, as if that man's abusive clamor in the porch were less than the barking of a cur. Always I rode by preserving an expression of haughty indifference on my face.

"It was no doubt very dignified; but I would have done better if I had kept my eyes open. A military man in war-time should never consider himself off duty; and especially so if the war is a revolutionary war, when the enemy is not at the door, but within your very house. At such times the heat of passionate convictions passes into hatred and removes the restraints of honor and humanity from many men, and of delicacy and fear from some women. These last, when once they throw off the timidity and reserve of their sex, become, by the vivacity of their intelligence and the violence of their merciless resentment, more dangerous than so many armed giants."

The general's voice rose, but his big hand stroked his white beard twice with an effect of venerable calmness.

"*Si, señores!* Women are ready to rise to the heights of devotion unattainable by us men or sink into the depths of abasement which amaze our masculine prejudices. I am speaking now of exceptional women, you understand. . . ."

Here one of the guests observed that he had never met a woman yet who was not capable of turning out quite exceptional in circumstances that would engage her feelings strongly.

"That sort of superiority in recklessness they have over us," he concluded, "makes of them the more interesting half of mankind."

The general, who bore the interruption with gravity, nodded courteous assent.

"*Si. Si.* In circumstances. . . . Precisely. They can do an infinite deal of mischief sometimes in quite unexpected ways. For who could have imagined that a young girl, daughter of a ruined Royalist whose life itself was held only by the contempt of his enemies, would have had the power to bring death and devastation upon two flourishing provinces, and cause serious anxiety to the leaders of the revolution in the very hour of its success?"

He paused to let the wonder of it penetrate our minds.

"Death and devastation," somebody murmured in surprise. "How shocking!"

The old general gave a glance in the direction of the murmur and went on.

"Yes. That is war—calamity. But the means by which she obtained the power to work this havoc on our southern frontier seem to me, who have seen her and spoken to her, still more shocking. That particular thing left on my mind a dreadful amazement which the further experience of life, of more than fifty years, has done nothing to diminish."

He looked round, as if to make sure of our attention, and in a changed voice:

"I am, as you know, a Republican, son of a Liberator," he declared. "My incomparable mother—God rest her soul!—was a Frenchwoman, the daughter of an ardent Republican. As a boy, I fought for liberty; I've always believed in the equality of men; and as to their brotherhood, that, in my mind, is even more certain. Look at the fierce animosity they display in their differences. And what in the world do you know that is more bitterly fierce than brothers' quarrels! What?"

All absence of cynicism checked an inclination to smile at this view of human brotherhood. On the contrary, there was in the tone the melancholy natural to a man profoundly human at heart who from duty, from conviction and from necessity had played his part in scenes of ruthless violence.

The general had seen much of fratricidal strife. "Certainly. There is no doubt of their brotherhood," he said. "All men are brothers, and as such know almost too much of each other. But"—and here, in the old, patriarchial head, white as silver, the black eyes humorously twinkled—"if we are all brothers, all the women are not our sisters."

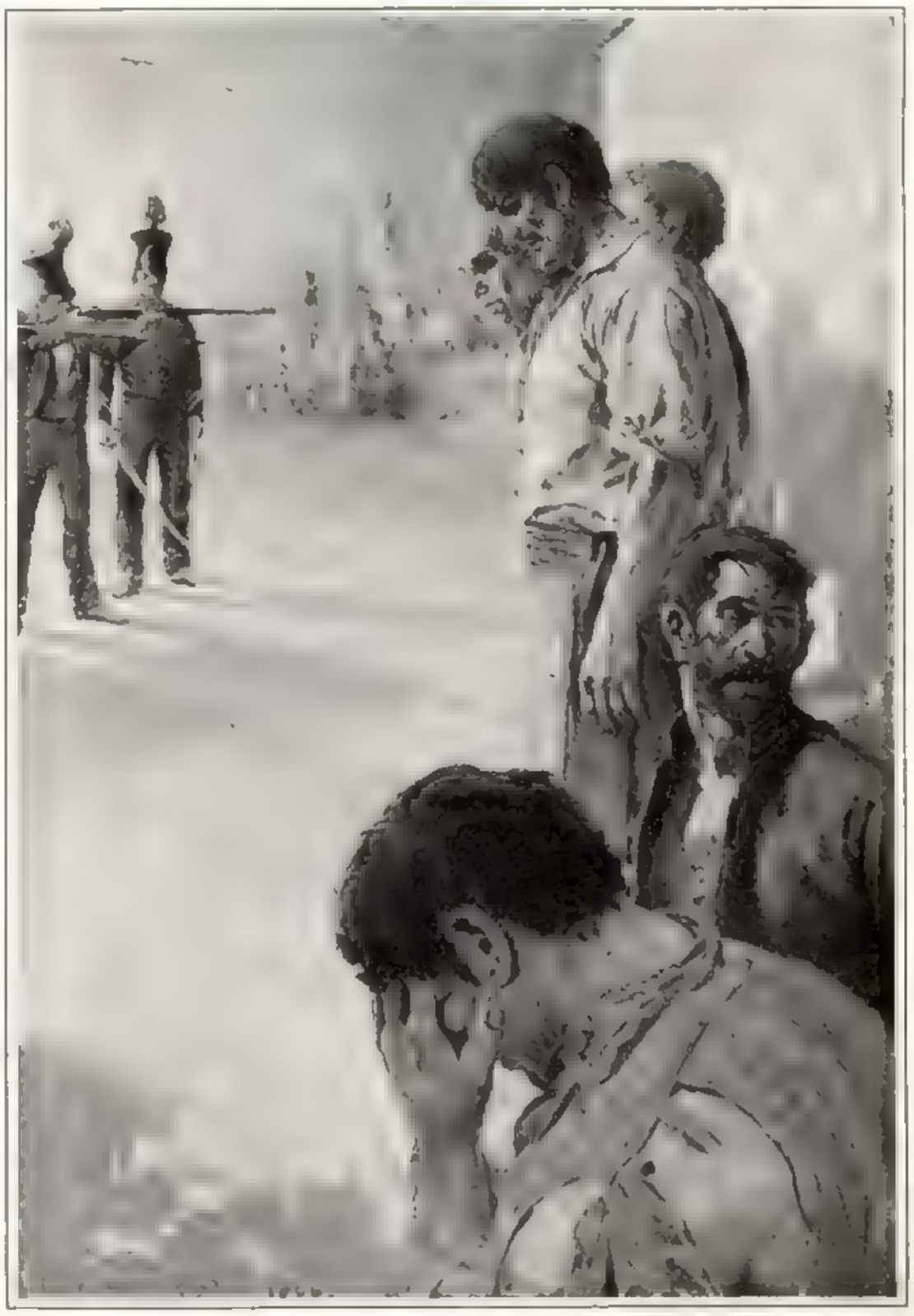
One of the younger guests was heard murmuring his satisfaction at the fact. But the general continued with deliberate earnestness:

"They are different. The tale of a king who took a beggar-maid for a partner of his throne may be pretty enough as we men look upon ourselves and upon love. But that a young girl, famous for her haughty beauty, and only a short time ago the admired of all at the balls in the viceroy's palace, should take by the hand a guasso, a common peasant, is intolerable to our sentiment of women and their love. It is madness. Nevertheless, it happened. But it must be said that, in her case, it was the madness of hate—not of love."

After presenting this excuse in a spirit of chivalrous justice, the general remained silent for a time.

"I rode past the house every day almost," he began again, "and this was what was going on within. But how it was going on, no mind of man can conceive. Her desperation must have been extreme, and Gaspar Ruiz was a docile fellow. He had been an obedient soldier. His strength was like an enormous stone, lying on the ground ready to be hurled this way or that by the hand that picks it up.

"It is clear that Gaspar Ruiz would tell his story to the people who gave him the shelter he needed. And he needed assistance badly. His wound was not dangerous, but his life was forfeited. The old Royalist, being wrapped up in his laughing madness, the two women arranged a hiding-place for the wounded man in one of the huts among the fruit trees at the back of the house. That hovel, an abundance of clear water while the fever was on him, and some words of pity, were all they could give. I suppose he had a share of what food there was. And it would be but little: a handful of roasted corn, perhaps a dish of beans or a piece of bread with a few figs. To such misery were those proud and once wealthy people reduced."



He Counted Himself a Dead Man Already

VII

GENERAL SANTIERRA was right in his surmise. Such was the exact nature of the assistance which Gaspar Ruiz, peasant son of peasants, received from the Royalist family whose daughter had opened the door of their miserable refuge to his extreme distress. Her sombre resolution ruled the madness of her father and the trembling bewilderment of her mother. She had asked the strange man on the doorsteps:

"Who wounded you?"

"The soldiers," Gaspar Ruiz had answered in a faint voice.

"Patriots?"

"Si."

"What for?"

"Deserter," he gasped, leaning against the wall under the scrutiny of her black eyes. "I was left for dead over there."

She led him through the house out to a small hut of clay and reeds lost in the long grass of the overgrown orchard. He sank on a heap of maize straw in a corner and sighed profoundly.

"No one will look for you here," she said, looking down at him. "Nobody comes near us. We, too, have been left for dead—here."

He stirred uneasily on his heap of dirty straw and the pain in his neck made him groan deliriously.

"I shall show Estaban that I am alive yet," he mumbled.

He accepted her assistance in silence and the many days of pain went by. Her appearances in the hut brought him relief and became connected with the feverish dreams of angels which visited his couch; for Gaspar Ruiz was instructed in the mysteries of his religion, and had even been taught to read and write a little by the priest of his village. He waited for her with impatience and saw her pass out of the dark hut and disappear in the brilliant sunshine with poignant regret. He discovered that, while he lay there feeling so very weak, he could, by closing his eyes, evoke her face with considerable distinctness. And this discovered faculty charmed the long, solitary hours of his convalescence. Later, when he began to regain his strength, he would creep at dusk from his hut to the house and sit on the step of the garden door.

In one of the rooms the mad father paced to and fro, muttering to himself with short, abrupt laughs. In the passage, sitting on a stool, the mother sighed and moaned. The daughter, in rough, threadbare clothing and her white, haggard face half-hidden by a coarse *manta*, stood leaning against the lintel of the door. Gaspar Ruiz, with his elbows propped on his knees and his head resting in his hands, talked to the two women in an undertone.

The common misery of destitution would have made of a marked insistence on social differences a bitter mockery. Gaspar Ruiz understood this in his simplicity. From his captivity among the Royalists he could give them news of people they knew. He described their appearance, and when he related the story of the battle in which he was recaptured the two women lamented the blow to their cause and the ruin of their secret hopes.

He had no feeling either way. But he felt a great devotion for that young girl.

In his desire to appear worthy in her eyes he boasted a little of his bodily strength. He had nothing else to boast of. Because of that quality, his comrades treated him with as great a deference, he explained, as though he had been a sergeant, both in camp and in battle.

"I could always get as many as I wanted to follow me anywhere, *señorita*. I ought to have been made an officer because I can read and write."

Behind him the silent old lady fetched a moaning sigh from time to time; the distracted father muttered to himself, pacing the *sala*; and Gaspar Ruiz would raise his eyes now and then to look at the daughter of these people.

He would look at her with curiosity, because she was alive, and also with that feeling of familiarity and awe in which he had contemplated in churches the inanimate and powerful statues of the saints whose protection is invoked in dangers and difficulties. His difficulty was very great.

He could not remain hiding in an orchard forever and ever. He knew also very well that, before he had gone half a day's journey in any direction, he would be picked up by one of the cavalry patrols scouring the country and brought in to one or another of the camps where the patriot army destined for the liberation of Peru was collected. There

(Continued on Page 19)

WHO'S WHO—AND WHY

The Smiling Secretary

APPEARANCES are deceitful, the axiomists tell us, and never more deceitful, the historians add, than when hitched up with a smile. There was that celebrated character who could "smile and smile and be a villain still," and there have been plenty more in similar case.

Now, far be it from these words to intimate that Charles J. Bonaparte, descendant of kings and Secretary of the Navy in the greatest Republic the world ever saw—see all Fourth of July orations—is a villain. He is not. He is not even a near-villain. He is not a vicarious villain. He is an honest and an upright man, but, brethren and sisters, he can smile—he surely can smile.

Watch him for a time. He smiles always. He smiles a smile that ripens into a chuckle—huh—huh—h-u-h—you have heard the kind, throaty and infectious. It isn't a large smile, measured by linear feet or cubic contents. It isn't a dental smile, like some others that are notable. It is a Bonaparte smile, jolly as a grig, pleasant as an April sun, bright as an Astor stomacher. It starts at one corner of his mouth, spreads slowly across to the other corner, irradiates and charms, and when it is at its apogee, when you think everything is coming your way, when visions of violets and primroses, sunshine and happy days rise up, you feel a sharp, stinging sensation beneath your fifth rib, and you discover that the owner of the smile has deftly inserted a stiletto in the place where it will do the most good.

Trust not the Bonaparte smile! When he has something to say that will make you feel less than an inch high, when he has a remark on tap that will shrivel and scorch, the smile is always kindest. He is beatific when he is ready to hand out the words that sting. Trust not that smile, 'tis fooling thee.

Watch him write a report taking the hide off some unfortunate naval officer. With the first sentence there is just the suspicion of the smile, but when he gets down to the condemnation, 'way over in the back of the book, he is gurgling, laughing like a baby playing with his toes, beaming with good-fellowship. Go to him for an interview about some of his political foes. He won't talk it. He always writes it. You sit and watch. He smiles and writes and writes and smiles, and when the chuckles—huh—huh—h-u-h—begin to come you mark the place, fifteen lines from the bottom. He hands it to you and you look fifteen lines from the bottom. That is the place where—jab—jab—jab—he puts in that stiletto we were talking about, and when the chuckles become a laugh, that is the place where he turns it around.

The word imperturbable was built to describe Bonaparte. People talk about the imperturbable this and the imperturbable that. They are all copies. The original is Bonaparte. Tell him it is a fine day and he smiles. Tell him the North Atlantic fleet sailed up Broadway on a very high tide and anchored in Central Park, and he smiles. He exhibits no other emotion. No; that isn't right. He exhibits no emotion, for the smile is not emotional. It is physiological. It is the outward and visible sign of nothing whatever that is within. It is the Bonaparte way of expressing pain, grief, joy, surprise, sorrow, hallelujah, hang it all, you don't say—everything else.

Suave? He is so suave that poor, weak, ordinary, transparent folks want to throw rocks at him. He will address a meeting of five thousand howling partisans and he will address a gathering of sixteen with equal grace, equal felicity, equal calmness and always with the smile. He moves along like a glacier with the sun shining on it—iridescent outside, but frappéd inside. Jar him? No, no, son, he is not unemotional. He is non-emotional.

Bonaparte comes from Baltimore. His grandfather was Jerome Bonaparte, the brother of Napoleon. The papers made quite a to-do when President Roosevelt took him into the Cabinet. It was contrary to the spirit of our free institutions to have a relative—however distant—of an emperor—and all that sort of rot. The President didn't care. Nor did Bonaparte. The President had been attracted to him because he thinks, in many ways, the same kind of thoughts the President thinks. He is a great Civil Service reformer. So is the President; in fact, the President is the greatest theoretical Civil Service reformer of his generation. Bonaparte has been assailing the iniquities of the spoils system for years. He is also set against political graft and rascality, and the President grabbed him as soon as he had a place for him. The President's ultimate plan is to make Bonaparte Attorney-General, and his legal talents fit him for the place; but every new trust crusade anchors Moody a little more firmly in his seat, and Bonaparte runs the Navy.

Bonaparte has been assailing bosses for years. He does not believe in them. Perhaps, though, he said it with a smile, for he is now the acknowledged Republican boss of Maryland and he rather seems to like it. It wouldn't be

Charles J. Bonaparte, Secretary of the Navy

nice to refer to him as Boss Bonaparte in his presence. That would be overstepping the bounds, for Bonaparte is the same kind of a boss that Senator Lodge is in Massachusetts. He is boss, but he doesn't want anything said about it. Cultured bosses, like Lodge and Bonaparte, never want the rude word repeated in their hearing. They use a little self-hypnosis about it.

"Oh, no," they say, "I am not a boss—not a boss—not a boss," the same way a Christian Scientist says "Tranquillity—Tranquillity—Tranquillity—Joy and Happiness—Peace and Rest"—and goes to sleep. That is Bonaparte's position. For years and years he was a free-lance in politics in Maryland. He had grave struggles with himself as to what his politics was. He lambasted both parties, but he became more or less a regular Republican when McKinley was nominated the first time, and now he is the Boss.

When you come to think of it, a descendant of kings, accepting office under a party government, couldn't be much less. Coming from Maryland, and being Secretary of the Navy, there is nothing else to it. A man with the blood of kings in him couldn't be a subject. Blood, you remember, will tell. So he runs the party and says who shall have the offices and, it is understood, keeps a wary eye out for possible chances to get into the United States Senate.

He runs the Navy Department, too. Time and again, since he has been there, he has advocated measures and proposed steps without the knowledge of his bureau chiefs, those red-taped officials who think, sleep, breathe and eat precedents. There has been weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth, but Bonaparte has said a few kind words—very, very kind—externally—for they were trimmed with the smile—and gone ahead in his own way.

When one thinks of the opportunities he has to be a snob, it is marvelous how democratic Bonaparte is. Imagine some people you know with the right to the name Bonaparte, and in direct descent from the family of the Emperor! He doesn't put on any lugs. He is quiet, unassuming, not at all blood-proud, and extremely able. That doesn't mean that he is a mixer, for he is far from that, but so far as he is concerned, in his daily walk and conversation, there might never have been a First Consul.

He is a smallish man, with a dome of a head, round and well-proportioned. When one gets a first glance at him he seems to be mostly forehead, with a dominating nose and a chin that is modest to the point of actual retreat to his Adam's apple, but that is stopped in its flight by another chin, denoting the pursiness of the man of sedentary habits. There is a dimple in that chin, too, and it helps out amazingly with the smile. It adds the touch of benevolence that is needed. A masked battery, you know, should look like anything but a battery.

He is delightfully pugnacious. He says what he thinks of anybody and everybody. If what he says isn't relished the person he has talked about is welcome to come right in and reply. Then he says other things. He has a talent for sarcasm and satire. He can use the ruder weapons of speech, also, if necessary. If you do not care to be skinned with a pearl-handled knife, he will take an axe to the job and hew off the cuticle in large sections. It is immaterial to him.

Still, since he became a politician he isn't so sarcastic. They never are. He hasn't renounced any of his principles, of course, nor let go any of his theories, but he is a wee bit subdued. A fine way to get him back in his old form would be to call him a politician to his face. He detests the designation. That is natural, too. They all do when they come in from the dewy fields of independence to walk in the beaten paths of party.

When one gets to doling out offices one ceases to be an idealist and becomes practical. The Maryland Republicans did not recognize the change. They came expecting to find the dreamer and the theorist. Instead, they found a severely practical man and they basked and blistered in the smile.

He doesn't think he is a politician, but the Maryland Republicans know he is. He is Boss Bonaparte, with some ambitions of his own—Boss Bonaparte; heed that, and 'ware the smile.

The Silent Lyric of Illinois

IN THE steady prose of the Republican party of Illinois there is just one burst of lyric rapture. It rises from McDonough County and it is entitled L. Y. Sherman.

This poem of the prairie, for fear of contagion, has been filed away by the leaders of the party on a top shelf. As Sherman himself says, he is taking the rest cure at the State's expense. As he further says, he is no longer in politics. He is lieutenant-governor.

In the days of his former happy freedom Sherman used to find his chief amusement in taking a train into hostile territory. There he "hired a hall." Then he delivered a speech, a speech and not an oration—Sherman hates affectations in language. Sherman's brains are all above his hands and his throat. He has no voice and he has been implored to cease having gestures. The whole credit for his popularity on the platform belongs to his head.

When Sherman was making these little vacation trips through the enemy's country, the announced subject of his speeches varied. The real subject never varied. It was always "People I Don't Like and Why." If there were any friends in the audience Sherman moved on to another town and hastened to escape from the depressing influence of applause.

To a lieutenant-governor these simple pleasures of lowly life are denied. Lieutenant-Governor Sherman of the State of Illinois may still eat steak with a spoon. He may still resolutely postpone the purchase of a dress suit. He may still bear silent testimony to his disbelief in the efficacy of cuffs as a protection either against heat or against cold. He may still fortify a weak stomach with the greasy pork chops and the thirty-minute-boiled coffee of our forefathers. He may still carefully observe and heroically resist the first insidious approaches of modern sartorial and culinary degeneracy. But he must not talk. Lieutenant-Governor Sherman is obliged to put most of his thoughts into cold storage. They are not such thoughts as would befit a lieutenant-governor.

Among the men Sherman claims not to like, the chief is former Governor Yates. Yates is slight in build, efflorescent in dress and beyond adjectives in eloquence. He has never heard of the State of Illinois. He looks for it in the dictionary under G. He was governor of the Grandoldstate of Illinois. And he carried the banner of the Grandoldrepublican party of the Grandoldstate of Illinois. Moreover—at least when on the platform—he never carried that banner in any other position than aloft.

Sherman is not slight in build. He is gaunt and gnarled. And, if he is noticeable in dress, it is not because he wishes to be so. He still believes that a trouser-leg stopping at the shin renders a man inconspicuous. Besides which, his mind is a virulent acid that eats the most florid pretenses down to the bone.

When the Republicans of Illinois held their last love-feast Sherman was inappropriately among those present. The candidates for the nomination for governor were lined up in chairs along the platform. They had carefully prepared a set of orations in which they proudly maintained that, no matter who secured the nomination, and no matter how unworthy he might be, they would unanimously unite in electing him to guide the glorious destiny of the most glorious State in the Union.

Yates led off. He was in his noblest mood. His speech contained a larger number of dignified words than had ever before been exhibited in one place in captivity. His peroration was worthy of him. "And now let every loyal Republican in this vast and splendid audience rise fearlessly to his feet and give three rousing cheers for the

SERIOUS AND FRIVOLOUS FACTS

ABOUT THE GREAT AND THE NEAR GREAT

Grandoldrepublican party of the Grandoldstate of Illinois!"

All present rose fearlessly—all except Sherman. Sherman was sitting in line with the other candidates and he remained sitting. The majestic eye of Yates perceived him in his impious sedentary posture. "Words fail me," gasped Yates, "words fail me when I try to express my opinion of a man who will remain in his seat when three cheers are proposed for the Grandoldrepub—— . . . !"

Sherman spoke next. When he finished, the love-feast had been transformed into a cannibal banquet. He hurdled the Civil War and landed with both feet on contemporary topics. He allowed that Governor Yates was bad enough, but wanted to know what the future of the State of Illinois would be if Yates were permitted to use every political office in the State as a means of self-propagation. He suggested that the way to secure harmony was to count noses and discover the majority. And he failed to see how this discovery of the majority was being facilitated by Governor Yates when he assumed the rôle of a walking delegate and traveled up and down the State calling out all the officeholders who refused to assist his ambitions.

The speakers who followed Sherman were obliged to call back the beautiful orations that they had already distributed to the press. They were forced to come down to real things. There were only five "grands" used during the rest of the day and there was only one mild fit of historics.

Nevertheless, when Sherman was speaker of the lower house of the State legislature he showed that he could humor the delusions of people who are so constituted that they can't tell a cloud from a brass tack. Whenever legislation was slack, and whenever the restless statesmanship of the members of the house was without adequate employment, Sherman was always ready with a resolution on some such subject as the Isle of Pines. Either a monstrous crime had been committed in seizing the Isle of Pines or a horrible act of treason had been perpetrated in not seizing it. In any case the people of the great Mississippi Valley were outraged, and the eager committee to which the matter was referred was given a golden opportunity to launch the State of Illinois into the sea of international politics.

Sherman's real vocation, however, aside from looking up people who don't yet know that he doesn't like Yates, is frequenting old bookstores. At the time of the last State convention, when he had been absent from his place for several days and was badly needed, he was at last discovered in a back room, with his shoes off and his feet on the radiator, half-way through a fascinating volume on some topic that only an abandoned antiquarian could be forgiven for remembering.

It is to Sherman's credit that, although under fifty years of age, he has done his best, as lieutenant-governor, to lie in state with his hands folded across his bosom. It was not till the very end of the last session of the legislature that he burst his cerements and made a short, unholy appearance in the land of the living.

The people of Illinois had voted for direct primaries. The law, on the point of being passed by the State legislature, was about as direct as the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad. It seemed to have been drawn by John Milton immediately after writing the line "By indirection find direction out."

When at last the bill came to a vote in the Senate, Sherman rose to announce the result. As lieutenant-governor and as president of the Senate he had no more right to make a speech than if he had been an innocent spectator in the gallery. But he floated over this difficulty like a cork. "The chair," he remarked, "has now its first proper opportunity to characterize the bill on which a vote has just been taken."

While the Senate was looking for the propriety, Sherman went ahead with the characterization. He described the bill as a gayly-ornamented sign-board with few goods on the shelves behind it and those plated. It looked to him like the most conspicuous example either in physics or in legislation of great and painful motion without one inch of progress. Remembering its author and not forgetting its reception by the public, it might be said that the bill had been conceived in a refrigerator and born in a frost. "And therefore," concluded the lieutenant-governor, with easy logic, "it becomes the constitutional duty of the chair to announce that the bill is passed."

Except for this outbreak Sherman has been a magnificent lieutenant-governor. It is true that not long ago he took a look at Cullom and Yates in their great run for the United States Senate and said that it was a contest between an antique and a dub. But he afterward satisfactorily explained that this remark was merely a twilight rumination unexpectedly overheard by the neighbors. It was not official.

Officially, Lieutenant-Governor Sherman will inhabit a vast silence. He will be copiously interviewed, however, on the first day after his release.

The Hall of Fame

¶ Truman H. Newberry, who is one of the richest men in Michigan, works ten hours a day as Assistant Secretary of the Navy and likes it—he says. During the Spanish-American War he saw active service on the Yosemite.

¶ Anthony Michalek, of Chicago, says he is the first man of Bohemian blood to serve in Congress and nobody has disputed him. He was born in Bohemia.

¶ Charles H. Treat, the new Treasurer of the United States, whose name appears on all paper money, writes a copper-plate hand and is very proud of his signature.

¶ General Harry Bingham, of Philadelphia, the "Father of the House," has been in Congress since 1879. His prerogative is reading the oath when the new Speaker is sworn in at the beginning of each Congress.

¶ J. H. Edwards, who has just been made one of the assistant secretaries of the Treasury, is only thirty years old, but he has been in the Treasury for several years as private secretary of Secretary Shaw.

¶ Dr. Harvey W. Wiley, the chemist of the Department of Agriculture, who conducts the "poison squad" experiments in the Government's pure food tests, gets his recreation by scooting about in an automobile.

¶ Ambassador Jusserand, from France, is a spry little man who wears black whiskers, plays rings around the President at tennis and then talks literature with him. Jusserand wrote a history of English Literature that is standard in France. The Ambassador's wife is an American. She was a Miss Richards, and before her marriage lived several years in Paris.

¶ Martin B. Madden, of Chicago, was a member of the city council of Chicago for years before he went to Congress. He has a fine precedent for success. Senator Aldrich, of Rhode Island, the boss of the Senate, used to be an alderman in Providence.

The Most Unkindest Cut

AFTER William Pinkney Whyte, of Maryland, came back to the Senate by appointment by the governor to fill the vacancy caused by the death of Senator Gorman, he looked about for a chance to make a speech.

It had been twenty-five years since he had that opportunity and he was careful that the subject he selected should be important. He passed over the rate bill, the meat inspection bill and many other great measures, thinking that they had been talked to death. He scanned every bill and every amendment. He thought it essential that he should speak, but, having been a member of the Senate back in the seventies, he knew what the precedents and traditions were.

Finally his opportunity came. Senator Hale moved a bill that referred to a topic that had been uppermost when Mr. Whyte was in the Senate before. The Senator from Maryland was alert. As soon as Mr. Hale put the bill on passage he arose.

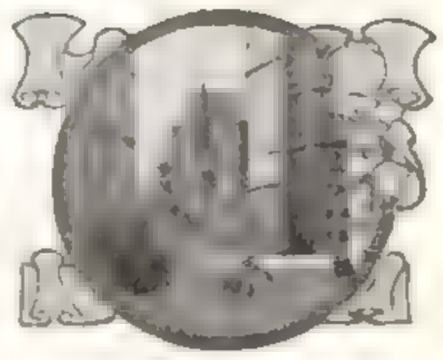
"Mr. President!" he boomed.

"The Senator from Maryland," said Vice-President Fairbanks.

Pinkney Whyte cleared his throat. Here was to begin the speech that would refute the slanderers who had said the Governor of Maryland had no business to appoint a man over eighty to the Senate.

"Mr. President: As respects to this bill that has been put on passage, I desire to say——"

He got no further. The great speech died a-borning. For Senator Hale, after gazing curiously across aisle for a moment said: "Mr. President, if there is to be any debate on this bill I withdraw it."



After the Battle

THE New York World fought valiantly for the election of Judge Parker as President in 1904. On election night, when the returns began to come in, the editors gathered around the desk of the man who was getting the bulletins to hear the results.

The polls had not been closed half an hour before it was apparent that President Roosevelt had been overwhelmingly returned. Still, the editors lingered for later news. They were a solemn lot.

While they were standing there Gus Roeder, one of the oldest reporters on the paper, came into the room. He had been for Roosevelt. He saw the editors standing there discussing the bulletins, and, looking down the long local room where the busy work of getting out an election paper was in progress, he raised his hand and said: "Don't cheer, boys; the poor devils are dying!"

Beware!

RICHARD CROKER, then leader of Tammany Hall, attended the Democratic National Convention in Kansas City in 1900.

He lost his trunk on the way out, and, when he reached the city, he found it necessary to get some linen. He asked Dr. John H. Girdner, of New York, to go with him and help him buy some.

They went to a department store. While Croker was making his purchases word was passed around the store that Croker was there. Business was suspended, and the clerks and customers crowded around to see the big Tammany man.

"That's Croker!" they said, pointing him out. "That's Croker!"

After Croker had bought his collars he waited a long time for his change, and then he and Girdner started out through a line of people who stared at him.

"That's Croker!" they whispered to one another. "That's the Tammany boss!"

"Doctor," said Croker, after they reached the sidewalk, "they seemed considerably agitated over our appearance there. Do you think they locked the safe?"

Not Prepared

FORMER Senator Call, of Florida, who immortalized himself by taking off a tight shoe in the Senate chamber one day and hoisting a huge foot, clad in a blue yarn sock, on to his desk, heard from other Senators, early in his term, that Superintendent Smith, of the Botanic Gardens, gave palms and potted plants to statesmen he liked.

Call wanted some palms and he cast about for a way to get on the right side of Smith. Somebody told him Smith was a great admirer of Burns and had a fine collection of Burns manuscripts and editions.

That was Call's cue. He walked over to the garden, found Smith and talked about many things. At the proper time, delicately and unobtrusively, he introduced the subject of Burns.

"There was the poet," he said. "For fine sentiment he has them all beaten. I read my Burns every day."

"Ken ye Burns?" asked Smith, much interested.

"I should think I did," proclaimed the enthusiastic Call. "Why, I know most of his poems by heart. They can have their other poets, but as for me, give me Jimmie Burns ——"

"Jimmie Burns!" snorted the enraged Smith. "Jimmie Burns! Augh! Billie Washington! Charlie Napoleon! Sammie Jefferson! Get out of me sight, ye ignoramus!"

And Call never did get his palms.

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GEORGE HORACE LORIMER, EDITOR

PHILADELPHIA, AUGUST 4, 1906

Deodorized Life Insurance

WE NOTICE some dissatisfaction with the recent report of the New York Life's self-investigating committee, and an extreme opinion that Morgan & Co. will again dominate the concern. On the other hand, we hear, with much satisfaction, a loud complaint from Wall Street that the life companies are no longer performing their wonted function in the flotation of securities. Not only have the "big three" reduced their cash on hand—formerly so convenient a pot for the Street to dip into—by some thirty millions, but they are shut off from participation in underwriting syndicates and from purchasing speculative bonds. To this result of the Armstrong investigation and laws some observers attribute the present low state of the security market. It is pointed out that the flotation of bonds, issued for new capital, in the half year just closed, was only 132 million dollars against 182 millions in the corresponding period of 1905; that some recent underwritings have left the syndicates with quantities of undistributed securities on hand, and that there is a disposition to fight shy of such commitments.

When the insurance companies were "available as intermediaries," as one authority says, it was always possible to "tide over" unfavorable market periods, policyholders supplying the funds for the tiding process at very low rates. Having the life-insurance tide on tap, financiers naturally felt little reluctance to wade in. But this pleasant condition has been changed by the Armstrong laws, and, we are told, the security market suffers in consequence. The Street, of course, regards this as sufficient proof of the folly of the Armstrong laws.

We are not among those who derive pleasure from the contemplation of pain. We do not like to see the security market suffer, yet think it can well afford to do so in as good a cause as this. We wish to see the life companies as useful as possible; yet the less useful they are to Wall Street the less policyholders will need to sit up of nights worrying about their surplus.

Short-Weight Literature

NOVELS have been growing steadily lighter and shorter. Nowadays publishers will put between covers and sell to a heedless public for a dollar and a quarter something that is scarcely more than a magazine short story with a little padding. The trade knows how to cover up this scamping on the part of the author with liberal full-page illustration and broad spacing: books are sold by weight, not by contents. In most cases the public probably gets as much story in these novelettes as it would if the author had spun out his web to two or three volumes.

And yet the disappearance of the old three-decker marks a change for the bad in literature. English novels ever since the day of Robinson Crusoe and Tom Jones have been big books, physically, containing the stories of many people all bound up together as they are in actual life and running through a number of years, so that the reader could get well acquainted with a circle of characters. The French novel has been a very different sort of thing, modeled on the short tale and containing but one or two characters and one thread of story. Our new English and American stories are on the French plan: they are single-thread tales. Only one American novel of this season—Mr. Churchill's Coniston—is built on the old broad, leisurely lines, with the purpose of giving us a whole section of life, big and little people alike, main plot and subplot.

Perhaps this change accounts for the reason why our modern novels are petering out, according to the critics. A writer in the North American Review, after considering the season's fiction, comes to the doleful conclusion that the novel form is exhausted; nothing more is to be expected from it but carefully written "studies" of "types." The old English novel was a broad picture of life; it cut a thick slice from experience and was not particular about "form." It was more filling than our snapshot analyses of temperament. The magazine and the newspaper with their good pay for "short stuff" have worked the ruin of the old novel. If our story-tellers want to recover the prestige of their profession they should go back to the large canvas and deal generously with their readers. There are stories yet to be told and large new fields of experience to be presented—there is nothing the matter with Life or the Novel!

The very size of a Vanity Fair, or a David Copperfield, or a Middlemarch has something to do with their importance: after living with them through two or three hundred thousand words the reader has made friends for life with their characters and their scenes. We cannot take all our pleasures in a nutshell.

Mixed Party Lines

POLITICAL news from the West has been a trifle confusing of late. In Iowa, we are told, the railroads are endeavoring to defeat Governor Cummins; while in Indiana, it appears, Governor Hanly has succeeded in having a carload of gambling paraphernalia carted off premises controlled by a national Democratic committeeman and chief sachem of that party. We are unable to form a satisfactory opinion as to the bearing of these stirring events on the burning questions which ostensibly divide the great political organizations; but the obscurity of the press reports may be to blame for that. If the newspapers are right in attaching an important political significance to the faro tables and roulette wheels, then those implements must obviously stand for Jeffersonian simplicity and tariff for revenue only. And the activity of the Iowa railroads must be presumed to arise from their patriotic solicitude for the maintenance of the protection system and the honor of our flag in the Philippines, although it is as difficult to see where this comes into a fight over a governor and a State taxing board as where bimetalism applies to wide-open poker. However studiously we turn it around there is only one point at which we can find any consonance in the face of the returns from both States. This point is the suggestion that, whether for faro or undertaxed railroads, neither party aegis is the strong shield that it used to be.

Banks and the Higher Law

BEFORE its amendment at the last session of Congress the law prohibited national banks from lending to any one patron an amount exceeding ten per cent. of their capital stock, and nobody paid any attention to the prohibition. The amendment permits loans to an amount equal to ten per cent. of capital and surplus combined; and the Treasury Department has recently notified the banks that this limit must be strictly observed.

There is a good deal of speculation as to whether the Department means it. Probably not. The Department in dealing with the banks has usually had due regard for the "higher law." Secretary Shaw's rulings that bonds other than governments would be accepted as security for treasury deposits, that gold in transit might be counted as part of the legal reserve, and to advance gold gratis to importing banks were of rather doubtful statutory sanction. Each of these rulings was obviously well meant, however. In the last panic certain important sections of the bank act were practically suspended—by officers who had no legal warrant to suspend them. This relieved an acute situation. Law usually yields when circumstances press too hard against it. The bank law gives way more promptly than most others because it deals with the mainspring of business—a thought of disarranging which makes us all shudder. If the more liberal amendment passed at the last session is not enforced, we hope Congress will not be discouraged, but will amend again and still more liberally until it gets an act that will be enforced.

The Octopus Hunt

SELECTING campaign issues two years in advance is extra-hazardous; yet it seems evident that the trusts will come in for a great deal of popular attention in the year of our Lord 1908. There has been a notable increase in anti-trust activities at Washington of late, and Mr. Bryan, overseas, reiterates his belief that all monopolistic private enterprises must be destroyed.

We have often wondered whether anybody, even Mr. Bryan, could muster up the courage of his convictions in that regard, and attack the industrial combinations with a purpose to destroy them. The first big industrial combines were formed by depositing the capital stocks of the various concerns with a common trustee. This device was attacked in the courts and declared illegal.

Then followed the present device of creating a New Jersey corporation which bought the various concerns. This same device of a New Jersey corporation was adopted by Messrs. Hill and Morgan in consolidating the Great Northern and Northern Pacific roads. That consolidation was attacked in the courts. The Supreme Court held it illegal, ordered a dissolution of the New Jersey corporation and a pro rata distribution of its assets among its stockholders.

It was then argued that, if a case were brought before it, the Supreme Court would very likely enter a similar judgment of dissolution against the United States Steel Corporation or any other industrial combine of the same character.

Does anybody care to try it? Forcing dissolution of the New Jersey corporations would probably produce a highly picturesque state of chaos—for three or four days, until the lawyers had studied up some other device to take the place of the one banned by the court. The first device of depositing the capital stocks with a trustee effected merely an industrial combination. The second device of the New Jersey corporation effected the same consolidation, but with the additional and prejudicial features of huge promotion grafts and the colossal confidence game of stock watering. Probably a third device, should one be forced, would not only retain all the objectionable characteristics of the first two, but add worse ones of its own.

This does not mean, however, that the combines may not be beneficially regulated.

Trial for Murder

OUR system of criminal jurisprudence is better than most, and as good as any with the possible exception of the English. But no one denies that it has monstrous faults. In New York recently one man shot another over a woman. Both men were rich and the woman beautiful—a combination that will instantly wreck the essential purpose of criminal law anywhere in the United States. Already the newspapers abundantly foreshadow what will happen. The material facts in the case—so far as concerns the purpose of the law to protect human life—were brought out by the coroner in about half an hour. Hereafter we shall hear very little of them.

Press reports assure us that a fine array of legal talent on either side is preparing to play a splendid game of chess. If it can be shown that one of the men led a life more vicious than the other that will score ten for the side that shows it. The sorry muck-heap of the woman's career will be raked fore and aft until it has yielded every point that will count on one side or the other. The lawyers will construct a great melodrama, with villain, heroine and hero, to be presented to the jury. The verdict—the very life of the accused—will depend upon the skill with which the game is played and the success with which the melodrama is "put on."

"Thou shalt not kill," says the commandment. One can imagine a completely civilized state, in noble dignity, requiring the one man to answer whether he did kill and murder the other, contrary to its statute. It is merely an imagining, however. Our famous murder trials, with their tawdry tricks in the face of death and their rotten plays to sentiment, are pretty exclusively barbarous.

Property Rights and the Rate Law

THE railroad rate law so long fought for soon goes into effect. Its first-fruit, no doubt, will be a big lawsuit. Probably the number of freight schedules beneficially regulated under it will be comparatively small. The great value of the act, we think, lies in its unequivocal declaration of the Government's power to supervise common carriers, and in the section which opens all railroad accounts to Government inspection. This should summarily end the cheerful practice of railroad managements of doing as they please—not with their property, but with other people's property. The enterprises that they looted through discriminatory freight rates were decidedly not their property. The railroads themselves are hardly their property. Under modern practice the men who control the roads have, generally speaking, only a small property stake in them.

Take five systems—Rock Island, Burlington, Louisville and Nashville, Southern Railway and Southern Pacific, with about 43,000 miles of track. There are outstanding in public hands securities of a face value exceeding two thousand million dollars issued by and on account of these roads. The holders of these securities have the real property interest in the roads; but they haven't a word to say about the management of any of them. The management is exclusively in the hands of holders of a concentrated majority of certain stock issues, or of voting trustees, or of the trustees of stocks that have been deposited as security for collateral bonds, which, in turn, have been sold to the public. There isn't a single effective vote in the whole two thousand millions that the public holds and which, in fact, represents more than all the legitimate capitalization of the 43,000 miles. We do not like to hear railroad advocates talk so much about property rights. It's scandalously bad taste.

THE FIGHTING CHANCE

By ROBERT W. CHAMBERS

AUTHOR OF IOLE, ETC.

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XI

THE park was very misty and damp and still that morning.

There was a scent of sap and new buds in the February haze, a glimmer of green on southern slopes, a distant bird-note, tentative, then confident, rippling from the gray tangle of naked thickets. Here and there in hollows the tips of amber-tinted shoots pricked the soil's dark surface; here and there in the sparse woodlands a withered leaf still clinging to oak or beech was forced to let go by the swelling bud at its base and fell rustling stiffly in the silence.

Far away on the wooded bridle-path the dulled double gallop of horses sounded, now muffled in a hollow, now louder, nearer, heavier, then suddenly checked to a trample, as Sylvia drew bridle by the reservoir, and, straightening in her saddle, raised her flushed face to the sky.

"Rain?" she asked, as Quarrier, controlling his beautiful, restive horse, ranged up beside her.

"Probably," he said, scarcely glancing at the sky, where, above the great rectangular lagoons, hundreds of sea-gulls, high in the air, hung flapping, stemming some rushing upper gale unfelt below.

She walked her mount, head lifted, watching the gulls; he followed, uninterested, imperturbable in his finished horsemanship. With horses he always appeared to advantage, whether on the box of break or coach, or silently controlling a spike or tandem, or sitting his saddle in his long-limbed, faultless fashion, maintaining without effort the very essence of form. Here he was at his best, perfectly informal, informally perfect.

From the going of Siward, all that he had aroused in her of love, of intelligence, of wholesome desire and sane curiosity—the intellectual restlessness, the capacity for passion, the renaissance of the simpler innocence—had subsided into the *laissez faire* of dull quiescence. If in her he had sown, imprudently, subtle, impulsive, unworldly ideas, flowering into sudden brilliancy in the quick magic of his companionship, now those flowers were dead under the inexorable winter of her ambition, where all such things lay; her lonely childhood, with its dimmed visions of mother-love ineffable; the strange splendor of the dreams haunting her adolescence—pageants of bravery and the glitter of the cross, altars of self-denial and pure intent, service and sacrifice and the scorn of wrong; and sometimes, seen dimly with enraptured eyes through dissolving mists—the man! glimmering for an instant, then fading, resolved into the starry void which fashioned him.

. . . . . .

Riding there, head bent, her pulses timing the slow pacing of her horse, she presently became aware, without looking up, that Quarrier was watching her. Dreams vanished. A perfectly unreasonable sense of being spied upon, of something stealthy about it all, flashed to her mind and was gone, leaving her grave and perplexed. What a strange suspicion! What an infernal inference! What grotesque train of thought could have culminated in such a sinister idea?

"About that Amalgamated Electric Company," she began without prelude; "would you mind answering a question or two, Howard?"

"You could not understand it," he said, unpleasantly disturbed by her abruptness.

"As you please. It is quite true I can make nothing of what the newspapers are saying about it, except that Mr. Plank seems to be doing a number of things."

"Injunctions, and other matters," observed Quarrier.

"Is anybody going to lose any money in it?"

"Who, for example?"

"Why—you, for example," she said, laughing.

"I don't expect to."

"Then it is going to turn out all right? And Mr. Plank and Kemp Ferrall and the Major and—the other people interested, are not going to be almost ruined by the Inter-County people?"

"Do you think a man like Plank is likely to be ruined, as you say, by Amalgamated Electric?"

"No. But Kemp and the Major ——"

"I think the Major is out of danger," replied Quarrier, looking at her with the new, sullen narrowing of his eyes.

"I am glad of that. Is Kemp—and the others?"

"Ferrall could stand it if matters go wrong. What *others?*"

"Why—the other owners and stockholders ——"

"*What* others? Who do you mean?"

"Mr. Siward, for example," she said in an even voice, leaning over to pat her horse's neck with her gloved hand.

"Mr. Siward must take the chances we all take," observed Quarrier.

"But, Howard, it would really mean ruin for him if matters went badly. Wouldn't it?"

"I am not familiar with the details of Mr. Siward's investments."

"Nor am I," she said slowly.

He made no reply.

Lack of emotion in the man beside her she always expected, and therefore this new, sullen note in his voice perplexed her. Too, at times, in his increasing reticence there seemed to be almost a hint of cold effrontery. She felt it now—an indefinite suggestion of displeasure and the power to retaliate; something evasive, watchful, patiently hostile; and, try as she might, she could not rid herself of the discomfort of it, and the perplexity.

She spoke about other things; he responded in his impassive manner. Presently she turned her horse and Quarrier wheeled his, facing a warm, fine rain, slanting thickly from the south.

His silky Vandyck beard was all wet with the moisture. She noticed it, and unbidden arose the vision of the gun-room at Shotover: Quarrier's soft beard wet with rain; the phantoms of people passing and repassing; Siward's straight figure swinging past, silhouetted against the glare of light from the billiard-room. And here she made an effort to efface the vision, shutting her eyes as she rode there in the rain. But clearly against the closed lids she saw the phantoms passing—spectres of dead hours, the wraith of an old happiness masked with youth and wearing Siward's features!

She *must* stop it! What was all this crowding in upon her as she rode forward through the driving rain—all this resurgence of ghosts long laid, long exorcised? Had the odor of the rain stolen her senses, awakening memory of childish solitude? Was it that which was drugging her with remembrance of Siward and the rattle of rain in the bay-window above the glass-roofed swimming-pool?

She opened her eyes wide, staring straight ahead into the thickening rain; but her thoughts were loosened now, tuned to the increasing rhythm of her heart; and she saw him seated there, his head buried in his hands as she stole through the dim corridors to her first tryst; saw him look up; saw herself beside him among the cushions; tasted again the rose-petals that her lips had stripped from the blossoms; saw once more the dawn of something in his steady eyes; felt his arm about her, his breath ——

Her horse, suddenly spurred, bounded forward through the rain, and she rode breathless, with lips half-parted, as if afraid, turning her head to look behind—as though she could outride the phantom clinging to her stirrup, masked like youth, wearing the shadowy eyes of Love!

. . . . . .

In her drenched habit, standing before her dressing-room fire, she heard her maid soliciting entrance, and paid no heed, the door being locked—as though a spectre could be bolted out of rooms and houses! Pacing the floor, restless, annoyed and dismayed by turns, she flung her wet skirt and coat from her, piece by piece, and stood for a while, like some slender youth in riding breeches and shirt, facing the fire, her fingers resting on her hips.

In the dull light of a rainy noon-day the fire reddened the ceiling, throwing her giant shadow across the wall, where it towered, swaying, like a ghost above her. She caught sight of it over her shoulder, and watched it absently; then gazed into the coals again, her chin dropping on her bared chest.

At her maid's repeated knocking she turned, her boots and the single spur sparkling in the firelight, and opened the door.

An hour later, fresh from her bath, luxurious in loose and filmy lace, her small, white feet shod with silk, she lunched alone, cradled among the cushions of her couch.

Twice she strolled through the rooms leisurely, summoned by her maid to the telephone; the first time to chat with Grace Ferrall, who, it appeared, was a victim of dissipation, being still abed, and out of humor with the rainy world; the second time to answer in the negative Marion's suggestion that she motor to Lakewood with her for the week-end before they closed their house.

Sauntering back again, she sipped her milk and vichy, tasted the strawberries, tasted a big black grape, discarded both, and lay back among the cushions, her naked arms clasped behind her head, and, dropping one knee over the other, stared at the ceiling.

Lying there, veiled gaze conscious of the rose-light which glowed and waned on the ceiling, she awaited the flowing tide on which so often she had embarked and drifted out into that golden gloom serene, where, spirit becalmed, Time and Grief faded, and Desire died out upon the unshadowed sea of dreams.

It is long waiting for the tide when the wakeful heart beats loudly, when the pulses quicken at a memory, and

the thousand idle little cellules of the brain, long sealed, long unused, and consigned to the archives of What Is Ended, open one by one, releasing each its own forgotten ghost.

And how can the heart rest, the pulse sleep, startled to a flutter, as one by one the tiny cells unclose unbidden, and the dead remembrance, from its cerements freed, brightens to life?

Words he had used, the idle lifting of his head, the forgotten inflection of his voice, the sunlight on his hair and the sea-wind stirring it; his figure as it turned to move away, the half-caught echo of his laugh, faint, faint!—so that her own ears, throbbing, strained to listen; the countless unimportant moments she had thought unmarked yet carefully stored up, without her knowledge, in the magic cellules of her brain—all, all were coming back to life, more and more distinct, startlingly clear.

And she lay like one afraid to move, lest her stirring waken a vague something that still slept, something she dared not arouse, dared not meet face to face, even in dreams. An interval—perhaps an hour, perhaps a second—passed, leaving her stranded so close to the shoals of slumber that sleep passed only near enough to awaken her.

The room was very still and dim, but the clamor in her brain unnerved her, and she sat up among the cushions, looking vacantly about her with the blue, confused eyes, the direct, unseeing gaze of a child roused by a half-heard call.

The call—low, imperative, sustained—continued softly persistent against her windows—the summons of the young year's rain.

She went to the window and stood among the filmy curtains, looking out into the mist; a springlike aroma penetrated the room. She opened the window a little way, and the sweet, virile odor enveloped her.

A thousand longings rose within her; unnumbered, wistful questions stirred her, sighing, unanswered.

Aware that her lips were moving unconsciously, she listened to the words forming automatic repetitions of phrases long forgotten.

"And those that look out of the windows be darkened, And the doors shall be shut in the streets."

What was it she was repeating?

"Also when they shall be afraid of that which is high, and fears shall be in the way . . . . ."

What echo of the past was this?

" . . . . And desire shall fail: because——"

Intent, absorbed in retracing the forgotten sequence to its source, she stood, breathing the thickening incense of the rain; and every breath was drawing her backward, nearer, nearer to the source of memory. Ah, the cliff chapel in the rain!—the words of a text mumbled deafly—the yearly service for those who died at sea! And she, seated there in the chapel dusk thinking of *him* who sat beside her, and how he feared a heavier, stealthier, more secret tide crawling, purring about his feet!

Enfin! Always, always at the end of everything, He! Always, reckoning step by step, backward through time, He! the source, the inception, the meaning of all!

Unmoored at last, her spirit swaying, enveloped in memories of him, she gave herself to the flood—overwhelmed, as tide on tide rose, rushing over her—body, mind and soul.

She closed her eyes, leaning there heavily amid the cloudy curtains; she moved back into the room and stood staring at space through wet lashes. The hard, dry pulse in her throat hurt her till her under lip, freed from the tyranny of her small teeth, slipped free, quivering rebellion.

She had been walking her room to and fro, to and fro, for a long time before she realized that she had moved at all.

And now, impulse held the helm; a blind, unreasoning desire for relief hurried into action on the wings of impulse.

There was a telephone at her elbow. No need to hunt through lists to find a number she had known so long by heart—the three figures which had reiterated themselves so often, monotonously insistent, slyly persuasive; repeating themselves even in her dreams, so that she awoke at times shivering with the vision in which she had listened to temptation, and had called to him across the wilderness of streets and men.

. . . . . .

"Is he at home?"

"——!"

"Would you ask him to come to the telephone?"

"——!"

"Please say to him that it is a—a friend. . . . Thank you"

In the throbbing quiet of her room she heard the fingers of the prying rain busy at her windows; the ticking of the small French clock, very dull, very far away—or was it her heart? And, faintly ringing in the receiver pressed against her ear, millions of tiny stirrings, sounds like instruments of an elfin orchestra tuning, echoes as of steps passing through the halls of fairy-land, a faint confusion of human-like tones; then:

"Who is it?"

Her voice left her for an instant; her dry lips made no answer.

"Who *is* it?" he repeated in his steady, pleasant voice.

"It is I."

There was absolute silence—so long that it frightened her. But before she could speak again his voice was sounding in her ears, patient, unconvinced:

"I don't recognize your voice. Who am I speaking to?"

"Sylvia."

There was no response, and she spoke again:

"I only wanted to say good-morning. It is afternoon now; *is* it too late to say good-morning?"

"No. I'm badly rattled. Is it *you*, Sylvia?"

"Indeed it is. I am in my own room. I—I thought——"

"Yes, I am listening."

"I don't know what I did think. Is it necessary for me to telephone you a minute account of the mental processes which ended by my calling you up out of the vasty deep?"

The old ring in her voice hinting of the laughing undertone, the same trailing sweetness of inflection—could he doubt his senses any longer?

"I know you, now," he said.

"I should think you might. I should very much like to know how you are—if you don't mind saying?"

"Thank you. I seem to be all right. Are you all right, Sylvia?"

"Shamefully and outrageously well. What a season, too! Everybody else is in rags—make-up rags! *Isn't* that a disagreeable remark? But I'll come to the paint-brush too, of course. . . . We all do. . . . Doesn't anybody ever see you any more?"

She heard him laugh to himself unpleasantly; then: "Does anybody want *to*?"

"Everybody, of course! You know it. You always were spoiled to death."

"Yes—to death."

"Stephen!"

"Yes?"

"Are you becoming cynical?"

"I? Why should I?"

"You *are!* Stop it! Mercy on us! If that is what is going on in a certain house on lower Fifth Avenue, facing the corner of certain streets, it's time somebody dropped in to——"

"To—what?"

"To the rescue! I've a mind to do it myself. They say you are *not* well, either."

"Who says that?"

"Oh, the usual little ornithological cockatrice—or, rather, cantatrice. Don't ask me, because I won't tell you. I always tell you too much, anyway. Don't I?"

"Do you?"

"Of course I do. Everybody spoils you, and so do I."

"Yes—I am rather in that way, I suppose."

"*What* way?"

"Oh—spoiled."

"Stephen!"

"Yes?"

And in a lower voice: "Please don't say such things—will you?"

"No."

"Especially to me."

"*Especially* to you. No, I won't, Sylvia."

And, after a hesitation, she continued sweetly:

"I wonder what you were doing, all alone in that old house of yours, when I called you up?"

"I? Let me see. Oh, I was superintending some packing."

"Are you going off somewhere?"

"I think so."

"Where?"

"I don't know, Sylvia."

"Stephen, how absurd! You must know where you are going! If you mean that you don't care to tell me——"

"I mean—that."

"I decline to be snubbed. I'm shameless, and I wish to be informed. Please tell me"

"I'd rather not tell you."

"Very well. . . . Good-by. . . . But don't ring off just yet, Stephen. . . . Do you think that, sometime, you would care to see—any people—I mean when you begin to go out again?"

"Who, for example?"

"Why, anybody?"

"No; I don't think I should care to."

"I wish you would care to. It is not well to let go every tie, drop everybody so completely. No man can do that to advantage. It would be so much better for you to go about a bit—see and be seen, you know; just to meet a few people informally, go to see some pretty girl you know well enough to to——"

"To what? Make love to?"

"That would be very good for you," she said.

"But not for the pretty girl. Besides, I'm rather too busy to go about, even if I were inclined to."

"Are you really busy, Stephen?"

"Yes—waiting. That is the very hardest sort of occupation. And I'm obliged to be on hand every minute."

"But you said that you were going out of town."

"Did I? Well, I did not say it, exactly, but I am going to leave town."

"For very long?" she asked.

"Perhaps. I can't tell yet."

"Stephen, before you go if you are going for a very, very long while—perhaps you will—you might care to say good-by?"

"Do you think it best?"

"No," she said innocently; "but if you care to "

"Do you care to have me?"

"Yes, I do."

There was a silence; and when his voice sounded again it had altered.

"I do not think you would care to see me, Sylvia. I—they say I am—I have—changed—since my—since a slight illness. I am not over it yet, not cured—not very well yet; and a little tired, you see—a little shaken. I am leaving New York to—to try once more to be cured. I expect to be well—one way or another——"

"Stephen, *where* are you going? Answer me!"

"I can't answer you."

"Is your illness serious?"

"A—it is—it requires some—some care."

Her fingers tightening around the receiver whitened to the delicate nails under the pressure. Mute, struggling with the mounting impulse, voice and lip unsteady, she still spoke with restraint:

"You say you require care? And what care have you? Who is there with you? Answer me!"

"Why—everybody; the servants. I have care enough."

"Oh, the servants! Have you a physician to advise you?"

"Certainly—the best in the world. Sylvia, dea—— Sylvia, I didn't mean to give you an impression——"

"Stephen, I *will* have you truthful with me! I know perfectly well you *are* ill. I—if I could only—if there was something, some way—— Listen: I am—I am going to do something about it, and I don't care very much what I do!"

"What sweet nonsense!" he laughed, but his voice was no steadier than hers.

"Will you drive with me," she asked impulsively, "some afternoon?"

"Sylvia, dear, you don't really want me to do it. Wait, listen: I—I've got to tell you that—that I'm not fit for it. I've got to be honest with you; I am not fit, not in physical condition to go out just yet. I've really been ill—for weeks. Plank has been very nice to me. I want to get well; I mean to try very hard. But the man you knew—is—changed"

"Changed?"

"Not in *that* way!" he said in a slow voice.

"H-how, then?" she stammered, all a-thrill.

"Nerve gone—almost. Going to get it back again, of course. Feel a million times better already for talking with you."

"Do—does it really help?"

"It's the only panacea for me," he said too quickly to consider his words.

"The *only* one?" she faltered. "Do you mean to say that your trouble—illness—has anything to do with——"

"No, no! I only——"

"*Has* it, Stephen?"

"No!"

"Because, if I thought——"

"Sylvia, I'm not that sort! You mustn't talk to me that way. There's nothing to be sorry for about me. Any man may lose his nerve, and, if he is a man, go after it and get it back again. Every man has a fighting chance. You said it yourself once—that a man mustn't ask for a fighting chance; he must take it. And I'm going to take it and win out one way or another."

"What do you mean by 'another,' Stephen?"

"I—— Nothing. It's a phrase."

"*What* do you mean? Answer me!"

"It's a phrase," he said again; "no meaning, you know."

"Stephen, Mr. Plank says that you are lame."

"What did he say that for?" demanded Siward wrathfully.

"I asked him. Kemp saw you on crutches at your window. So I asked Mr. Plank, and he said you had discarded your crutches too soon and had fallen and lamed yourself again. Are you able to walk yet?"

"Yes, of course."

"Outdoors?"

"A—no, not just yet."

"In other words, you are practically bedridden."

"No, no! I can get about the room very well."

"You couldn't go downstairs—for an hour's drive, could you?"

"Can't manage that for a while," he said hastily.

"Oh, the vanity of you, Stephen Siward! the vanity! Ashamed to let me see you when you are not your complete and magnificently attractive self! Silly, I *shall* see you! I shall drive down on the first sunny morning and sit outside in my victoria until you can't stand the temptation another instant. I'm going to do it. You cannot stop me;

nobody can stop me. I desire to do it, and that is sufficient, I think, for everybody concerned. If the sun is out to-morrow, I shall be out, too! . . . I am so tired of not seeing you! Let central listen! I don't care. I don't care what I am saying. I've endured it so long -I—— There's no use! I am too tired of it, and I want to see you. . . . Can't we see each other without—without—thinking about things that are settled once and for all?"

"I can't," he said.

"Then you'd better learn to! Because, if you think I'm going through life without seeing you frequently you are simple! I've stood it too long at a time. I *won't* go through this sort of thing again! You'd better be amiable; you'd better be civil to me, or—or—nobody on earth can tell what will happen! The idea of you telling me you had lost your nerve! You've got to get it back—and help me to find mine! Yes, it's gone, gone, gone! I lost it in the rain, somewhere, to-day. . . . Does the scent of the rain come in at your window? . . . Do you remember . . . There! I can't say it. . . . Good-by. *Good*-by. You *must* get well, . . . and I must, too. Good-by."

. . . . . .

The fruit of her imprudence was happiness an excited happiness, which lasted for a day. The rain lasted, too, for another day, then turned to snow, choking the city with such a fall as had not been seen since the great blizzard of '88, piling avenues, barricading cross-streets, burying squares and circles and parks and still falling, drifting, whirling like wind-whipped smoke from cornice and roof-top. The electric cars halted; even the great snow-plows roared impotent amid the snowy wastes; wagons floundered into cross-streets and stuck until dug out; and everywhere, in the thickening obscurity, battalions of emergency men with pick and shovel struggled with the drifts in Fifth Avenue and Broadway. Then the storm ended at daybreak

All day long squadrons of white gulls wheeled and sailed in the sky above the snowy expanse of park where the great, rectangular sheets of water glimmered black in their white setting. As she sat at her desk she could see them drifting into and out of the gray squares of sky framed by her window-panes. Two days ago she had seen them stemming the sky blasts, heralding the coming of unfelt tempests, flapping steadily through the fragrant rain. Now, the false phantom which had mimicked spring turned on the world the glassy glare of winter, stupefying hope, stunning desire, clogging the life essence in all young, living things. The first vague summons, the restlessness of awakening aspiration, the first delicate, indrawn breath, were stilled to deathly immobility.

Nothing was Said for a Space Sufficient to Commit a Memory to its Grave

Sylvia, at her escritoire, chin cradled in her hollowed hand, sat listlessly inspecting her mail—the usual pile of bills and advertisements, social demands and interested appeals, with here and there a frivolous note from some intimate to punctuate the endless importunities.

Her housekeeper had come and gone; the Belwether establishment could jog through another day. Various specialists, who cared for the health and beauty of her body, had entered and made their unctuous exits. The Major had gone to Tuxedo for the week-end; her maid was suffering from bronchitis; two horses required the attention of a veterinary, and the kitchen range a new water-back.

Cards had come for the Caithness function; cards for young Austin Wadsworth's wedding to a Charleston girl of rumored beauty; Caragnini was to sing for Mrs. Vendenning; a live Lama from Thibet had consented to undermine Christianity for Mrs. Pyne-Johnson and her guests.

"And when ——"

She turned her head, looking wearily across the room at the brightly burning fire beside which Mrs. Ferrall sat, nibbling mint-paste, very serious over one of those books that "everybody was reading."

"How far have you read?" inquired Sylvia without interest, turning over a new letter to cut with her paper-knife.

"If *that* is the matter?" demanded Mrs Ferrall, withdrawing her finger from the pages and plumping the closed book down on her knee. "You'd better tell me, Sylvia; you might just as well tell me now as later when my persistence has vexed us both. Now, what has happened?"

"I have been—imprudent," said Sylvia, in a low voice.

"You mean"—Mrs. Ferrall looked at her keenly—"that *he* has been here?"

"No. I telephoned him; and I asked him to drive with me."

"Oh, Sylvia, what nonsense! Why on earth do you stir yourself up by that sort of silliness at this late date? What use is it? *Can't* you let him alone?"

"I —— No, I can't, it seems. Grace, I was—I felt so—so strangely about it all"

"About what, little idiot?"

"About leaving him—alone."

"Are you Stephen Siward's keeper?" demanded Mrs. Ferrall, exasperated.

"I felt as though I were, for a while. He is ill."

"With an illness that, thank God, you are not going to nurse through life. Don't look at me that way, dear. I'm obliged to speak harshly; I'm obliged to harden my heart to such a monstrous idea. You know I love you; you know I care deeply for that poor boy—but do you think I could be loyal to either of you and not say what I do say? He is doomed, as sure as you sit there! He has fallen, and no one can help him. Link after link he has broken with his own world; his master-vice holds him faster, closer, more absolutely, than hell ever held a lost soul!"

"Grace, I cannot endure ——"

"You must! Are you trying to drug your silly self with romance so you won't recognize truth when you see it? Are you drifting back into old impulses, unreasoning whims of caprice? Have you forgotten what I know of you, and what you know of yourself? Is the taint of your transmitted inheritance beginning to show in you—the one woman of your race who is fashioned to withstand it and stamp it out?"

"I am mistress of my emotions," said Sylvia, flushing.

"Then suppress them," retorted Grace Ferrall hotly, "before they begin to bully you. There was no earthly reason for you to talk to Stephen. No disinterested impulse moved you. It was a sheer, perverse, sentimental restlessness—the delicate, meddlesome deviltry of your race. And if that poison is in you, it's well for you to know it."

"It is in me," said Sylvia, staring at the fire

"Then you know what to do for it."

"No, I don't."

"Well, I do," said Grace decisively; "and the sooner you marry Howard and intrench yourself behind your pride, the better off you'll be. That's where, fortunately enough, you differ from your ancestors; you are unable to understand marital treachery. Otherwise you'd make it lively for us all."

"It is true," said Sylvia deliberately, "that I could not be treacherous to anybody. But I am wondering: I am asking myself just what constitutes treachery to myself."

"Sentimentalizing over Stephen might fill the bill," observed Grace tartly.

"But it doesn't seem to," mused Sylvia, her blue gaze on the coals. "That is what I do not understand. I have no conscience concerning what I feel for him."

"What do you feel?"

"I was in love with him. You knew it."

"You *liked* him," insisted Grace patiently.

"No—loved him. *I* know. Dear, your theories are sound in a general way, but what is a girl going to do about it when she loves a man? You say a young girl can't love—doesn't know how. But I do love, though it is true that I don't know how to love very wisely. What is the use in denying it? This winter has been a deafening, stupefying fever to me. The sheer noise of it stunned me until I forgot how I did feel about anything. Then—I don't know—somehow, in the rain out there, I began to wake . . . Dear, the old instincts, the old desires, the old truths, came back out of chaos; that full feeling here"—she laid her fingers on her throat—"the sense of expectancy, the restless hope growing out of torpid acquiescence—all returned; and, dearest, with them all came memories of him. What am I to do? Could you tell me?"

For a long while Mrs. Ferrall sat in troubled silence, her hand shading her eyes. Sylvia, leaning over her desk, idling with pen and pencil, looked around from time to time,

as though awaiting the opinion of some specialist who, in full possession of the facts, had now become responsible for the patient.

"If you marry him——" began Mrs. Ferrall quietly.

"Yes. But would it make life any easier for him?" asked Sylvia.

"How—to know that you had been dragged down?"

"No. I mean could I do anything for him?"

"No woman ever did. That is a sentimental falsehood of the emotional. No woman ever did help a man in that way. Sylvia, if love were the only question, and if you do truly love him, I—well, I suppose I'd be fool enough to advise you to be a fool. Even then you'd be sorry. You know what your future may be; you know what you are fitted for. What can you do without Howard? In this town your rôle would be a very minor one without Howard's money, and you know it."

"Yes, I know it."

"And your sacrifice could not help that doomed boy."

Sylvia nodded assent.

"Then, is there any choice? Is there any question of what to do?"

Sylvia looked out into a winter sky through the tops of snowy trees; everywhere the stark, deathly rigidity of winter. Under it, frozen, lay the rain that had scented the air. Under her ambition lay the ghosts of yesterday.

"No," she said, "there is no question of choice. I know what must be."

Grace, seated in the firelight, looked up as Sylvia rose from her desk and came across the room; and when she sank down on the rug at her feet, resting her cheek against the elder woman's knees, nothing was said for a long time—a space sufficient to commit a memory to its grave, lay it away decently and in quiet befitting.

Sore doubt assailed Grace Ferrall, guiltily aware that once again she had meddled; and in the calm tenor of her own placid, marital satisfaction, looking backward along the pleasant path she had trodden with its little monuments to love at decent intervals amid the agreeable monotony of content, her heart and conscience misgave her lest she had counseled this young girl wrongly, committing her to the arid lovelessness which she herself had never known.

Leaning there, her fingers lingering in light caress on Sylvia's bright hair, for every doubt she brought up argument, to every sentimental wavering within her heart she opposed the chilling reason of common-sense. Destruction to happiness lay in Sylvia's yielding to her caprice for Siward. There was other happiness in the world besides the non-essential one of love. That must be Sylvia's portion. And after all—and after all, love was a matter of degree; and it was well for Sylvia that she had the malady so lightly—well for her that it had advanced so little, lest she suspect what its crowning miracles might be and fall sick of a passion for what she had forever lost.

* * * * * *

For a week or more the snow continued; colder, gloomier weather set in, and the impending menace of Ash Wednesday redoubled the social pace, culminating in the Westervelt ball on the eve of the forty days. And Sylvia had not yet seen Siward or spoken to him again across the wilderness of streets and men.

In the first relaxation of Lent she had instinctively welcomed an opportunity for spiritual consolation and a chance to take her spiritual bearings; not because of bodily fatigue—for in the splendor of her youthful vigor she did not know what that meant.

Saint Berold was a pretty good saint, and his church was patronized by Major Belwether's household. The Major liked two things high: his game and his church. Sylvia cared for neither, but had become habituated to both the odors of sanctity and of pheasants; so to Saint Berold's she went in cure of her soul. Besides, she was fond of Father Curtis, who, if he were every inch a priest, was also every foot of his six feet a man—simple, good and brave.

However, she found little opportunity for a word with Father Curtis. His days were full days to the overbrimming, and a fashionable pack was ever at his heels, fawning and shoving and importuning. It was fashionable to adore Father Curtis, and for that reason she shrank from venturing any demand upon his time, and nobody else at Saint Berold's appealed to her. Besides, the music was hard, commonplace, even blatant at times, and, having a delicate ear, she shrank from this also. It is probable then that what comfort she found under Saint Berold's big, brand-new Episcopal cross she extracted from observing the rites, usages and laws of a creed that had been accepted for her by that Christian gentleman, Major Belwether. Also, she may have found some solace from the still intervals devoted to an inventory of her sins and the wistful searching of a heart too young for sadness. If she did it was her own affair, not Grace Ferrall's, who went with her to Saint Berold's determined always to confess to too much gambling, but letting it go from day to day so that the penance could not interfere with the next *seance*.

Agatha Caithness was there a great deal, looking like a saint in her subdued plumage; and very devout, dodging nothing—neither confession nor Quarrier's occasionally lifted eyes, though their gaze, meeting, seemed lost in dreamy devotion or drowned in the contemplation of the spiritual and remote.

Plank came docilely from his Dutch Reformed church to sit beside Leila. As for Mortimer, once a vestryman, he never came at all—made no pretense or profession of caring for anything "in the church line." His misconception of the attractions of the church amused the new set of men among whom he had recently drifted, to the unfeigned disgust of gentlemen like Major Belwether; "club" men, in the commoner and more sinister interpretation of the word; unfit men, who had managed to slip into good clubs; men, once fit, who had deteriorated to the verge of ostracism; heavy, overfed, idle, insolent men in questionable financial situation, hard card-players, hard drinkers, hard riders, negative in their virtues, merciless in their vices, and whose cynical misconduct formed the sources of the stock of stories told where such men foregather.

Mortimer stayed out at night very frequently now. Also, he appeared to make his money go farther, or was luckier at his "card killings," because he seldom attempted to bully Leila, being apparently content with his allowance.

Once or twice Plank saw him with an unusually attractive girl belonging to a world very far removed from Leila's. Somebody said she was an actress when she did anything at all—one Lydia Vyse.

Meanwhile Mortimer kept away from home, wife and church, and Plank frequented them, so the two men did not meet very often, and the less they met the less they found to say to one another.

Now that the forty days had really begun, Major Belwether became restless for the flesh-pots of the South, although Lenten duties sat lightly enough upon the house of Belwether. These decent observances were limited to a lax acknowledgment of fast days, church in moderation, and active participation in the succession of informal affairs calculated to sustain life in those intellectually atrophied and wealthy people entirely dependent upon others for their amusements.

To these people no fear of punishment hereafter can equal the terror of being left to their own devices; and so, although the opera was over, theatres unfashionable, formal functions suspended and dances ended, the pace still continued at a discreet and decorous trot; and those who had not fled to California or Palm Beach remained to pray and play bridge with an unction most edifying.

And all this while Sylvia had not seen Siward.

Sylvia was changing. The characteristic amiability, the sensitive reserve, the sweet composure which the world had always counted on in her, had become exceptions and no longer the rules which governed the caprice and impulse always latent. An indifference so pointed as to verge on insolence amazed her intimates at times; a sudden, flushed impatience startled the habitués of her shrine. There was a new, unseeing hardness in her eyes, in her attitude the faintest hint of cynicism. She acquired a habit of doing selfish things coldly, indifferent to the canons of the art; and true selfishness, the most delicate of all the arts, requires an expert.

That which had most charmed—her unfeigned pleasure in pleasure, her unfailing consideration for all, her gentleness with ignorance, her generous unconsciousness of self—all these still remained, it is true, though no longer characteristic, no longer to be counted on.

For the first time a slight sense of fear tinctured the general admiration.

In public her indifference and growing impatience with Quarrier had not reached the verge of bad taste, but in private she was scarcely at pains to conceal her weariness and inattention, showing him less and less of the formal consideration which had been their only medium of coexistence. That he noticed it was evident even to her who carelessly ignored the consequences of her own attitude.

Once, speaking of the alterations in progress at The Sedges, his place near Oyster Bay, he casually asked her opinion, and she as casually observed that if he had an opinion about anything he wouldn't know what to do with it.

Once, too, she had remarked in Quarrier's hearing to Ferrail, who was complaining about the loss of his hair, that a hairless head was a visitation from Heaven, but a beard was a man's own fault.

Once they came very close to a definite rupture, close enough to scare her after all the heat had gone out of her and the matter was ended. Quarrier had lingered late after cards, and something was said about the impending kennel show and about Marion Page judging the English setters.

"Agatha tells me that you are going with Marion," continued Quarrier. "As long as Marion has chosen to make herself conspicuous there is nothing to be said. But do you think it very good taste for you to figure publicly on the sawdust with an eccentric girl like Marion?"

"I see nothing conspicuous about a girl's judging a few dogs," said Sylvia, merely from an irritable desire to contradict.

"It's bad taste and bad form," remarked Quarrier coldly; "and Agatha thought it a mistake for you to go there with her."

"Agatha's opinions do not concern me."

"Perhaps mine may have some weight."

"Not the slightest."

He said patiently: "This is a public show; do you understand? Not one of those private bench exhibitions."

"I understand. Really, Howard, you are insufferable at times."

"Do you feel that way?"

"Yes, I do. I am sorry to be rude, but I do feel that way!" Flushed, impatient, she looked him squarely between his narrowing, woman's eyes: "I do not care for you very much, Howard, and you know it. I am marrying you with a perfectly sordid motive, and you know that, too. Therefore it is more decent—if there is any decency left in either of us—to interfere with one another as little as possible, unless you desire a definite rupture. Do you?"

"I? A—a rupture?"

"Yes," she said hotly; "do you?"

"Do *you*, Sylvia?"

"No; I'm too cowardly, too selfish, too treacherous to myself. No, I don't."

"Nor do I," he said, lifting his furtive eyes.

"Very well. You are more contemptible than I am, that is all."

Her voice had grown unsteady; an unreasoning rush of anger had set her whole body a-thrill, and the white heat of it was driving her to provoke him, as though that might cleanse her of the ignominy of the bargain—as though a bargain did not require two of the same mind to make it.

"*What* do you want of me?" she said, still stinging under the angry waves of self-contempt. "What are you marrying me for? Because, divided, we are likely to cut small figures in our tin-trumpet world? Because, united, we can dominate the brainless? Is there any other reason?"

"A man cares for two things: his fortune and the heirs to it. If you didn't know that you have learned it now. You hurt me deliberately. I tell you a plain truth very bluntly. It is for you to consider the situation."

But she could not speak; anger, humiliation, shame, held her tongue-tied. The instinctive revolt at the vague horror—the monstrous, meaningless threat—nothing could force words from her to repudiate, to deny what he had dared to utter.

* * * * * *

Lent was half over before she saw him again. Neither he nor she had taken any steps to complete the rupture; and at the *Mi-carême* dance, given by the Siowa Hunt, Quarrier, who was M. F. H., took up the thread of their suspended intercourse as methodically and calmly as though it had never quivered to the breaking point. He led the cotillon with agreeable precision and impersonal accuracy, favoring her at

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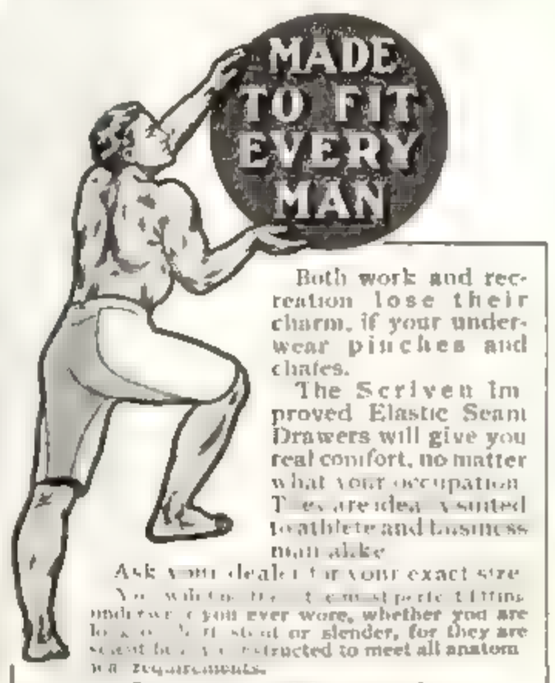

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intervals; and though she wasted no favors on him, she endured his, which was sufficient evidence that matters were still in *statu quo*.

She returned to town next morning with Grace Ferrall, irritable, sulky, furious with herself at the cowardly relief she felt. For, spite of her burning anger against Quarrier, the suspense at times had been wearing; and she would not make the first move—had not decided even to accept his move if it came—at least, had not admitted to herself that she would accept it. It had come and the tension was over, and now, entering Mrs. Ferrall's brougham which met them at Thirty-fourth Street Ferry, she was furious with herself for her unfeigned feeling of relief.

All hot with self-contempt she lay back in the comfortably upholstered corner of the brougham, staring straight before her, sullen red mouth unresponsive to the occasional inconsequent questions of Grace Ferrall.

"After a while," observed Grace, "people will begin to talk about the discontented beauty of your face."

Sylvia's eyebrows bent still farther inward.

"A fretful face, but rather pretty," commented Grace maliciously. "It won't do, dear. Your rôle is dignified comedy. Oh dear! Oh my!" She stifled a yawn behind her faultlessly gloved hand. "I'm feeling these late hours in my aged bones. It wasn't much of a dance, was it? Or am I disillusioned? Certainly that Edgeworth boy fell in love with me—the depraved creature—trying his primitive wiles there in the conservatory! Little beast! There are no nice boys any more; they're all too young or too sophisticated. . . . Howard does lead well; I admit that. . . . You're on the box seat together again, I see. Pooh! I wasn't a bit alarmed."

"*I* was," said Sylvia, curling her lip in biting self-contempt.

"Well, that's a wholesome confession, anyway. Oh dear, how I do yawn! and Lent only half over. . . . Sylvia, what are you staring at? Oh, I—see."

They had driven south to Washington Square, where Mrs. Ferrall had desired to leave a note, and were now returning. Sylvia had leaned forward to look up at Siward's house, but with Mrs. Ferrall's first word she sank back, curiously expressionless and white; for she had seen a woman entering the front door and had recognized her as Marion Page.

"Well, of all indiscretions!" breathed Grace, looking helplessly at Sylvia. "Oh, no, that sort of thing is sheer effrontery, you know! It's rotten bad taste; it's no worse, of course—but it's bad taste. I don't care what privileges we conceded to Marion, we're not going to concede this—unless she puts on trousers for good. It's all very well for her to talk her plain kennel talk, and call spades by their technical names, and smoke all over people's houses, and walk all over people's prejudices; but there's no sense in her hunting for trouble; and she'll get it, sure as scandal is scandal!"

And still Sylvia remained pale and silent, eyes downcast, shrinking close into her upholstered corner, as though some reflex instinct of self-concealment were still automatically dominating her.

"She ought to be spanked!" said Grace viciously. "If she were my daughter I'd do it, too!"

Sylvia did not stir.

"Little idiot! Going into a man's house in the face of all Fifth Avenue and the teeth of decency!"

"She has courage," said Sylvia, still very white.

"Courage! Do you mean foolhardiness?"

"No, courage—the courage I lacked. I knew he was too ill to leave his room and I lacked the courage to go and see him."

"You mean, alone?"

"Certainly, alone."

"You dare tell me you ever contemplated ——"

"Oh, yes. I think I should have done it yet, but—but Marion——"

Suddenly she bent forward, resting her face in her hands; and between the fingers a bright drop ran, glimmered, and fell.

"Oh Lord!" breathed Mrs. Ferrall, and sank back, nerveless, into her own corner of the rocking brougham.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

GASPAR RUIZ

(Continued from Page 11)

he would in the end be recognized as Gaspar Ruiz—the deserter to the Royalists—and no doubt shot very effectually this time. There did not seem any place in the world for the innocent Gaspar Ruiz. And at this thought his simple soul surrendered itself to gloom.

They had made him a soldier forcibly. He did not mind being a soldier. And he had been a good soldier, as he had been a good son, because of his docility and his strength.

But now there was no use for either. They had taken him from his parents and he could no longer be a soldier—not a good soldier, at any rate. Nobody would listen to his explanations. What injustice it was! What injustice!

And in a mournful murmur he would go over the story of his capture and recapture for the twentieth time. Then, raising his eyes to the silent girl in the doorway:

"*Si, Señorita,*" he would say with a deep sigh. "Injustice has made this poor breath in my body quite worthless to me and to anybody else. And I do not care who robs me of it."

One evening, as he exhaled thus the plaint of his wounded soul, she condescended to say that, if she were a man, she would consider no life worthless which held the possibility of revenge.

She seemed to be speaking to herself. Her voice was low. He drank in the gentle, dreamy sound with a consciousness of peculiar delight.

"True, *Señorita,*" he said, raising his face up to hers slowly. "There is Estaban, who must be shown that I am not dead, after all."

The muttering of the mad father had ceased long before; the sighing mother had withdrawn somewhere within the devastated, empty house. All was still within as well as without in the moonlight, bright as day on the wild orchard full of inky shadows. Gaspar Ruiz saw the dark eyes of Doña Erminia look down at him.

"Ah! the sergeant," she muttered disdainfully.

"Why! He has wounded me with his sword," he protested, bewildered by the contempt that seemed to shine livid on her pale face.

She crushed him with her glance. The power of her will to be understood was so strong that it kindled in him the intelligence of unexpressed things.

"What else did you expect me to do?" he cried, as if suddenly driven to despair. "Have I the power to do more? Am I a general with an army at my back—miserable sinner that I am, to be despised by you at last."

VIII

"*SEÑORES,*" related the general to his guests, "though my thoughts were of love then—therefore enchanting—the sight of that house always affected me disagreeably, especially in the moonlight when its closed shutters and its air of lonely neglect appeared sinister. Still I went on using the bridle-path by the ravine because it was a short-cut. The mad Royalist howled and laughed at me every evening to his complete satisfaction; but after a time, as if wearied with my indifference, he ceased to appear in the porch. How they persuaded him to leave off I do not know. However, with Gaspar Ruiz in the house, there would have been no difficulty in restraining him by force. It was now part of their policy in there to avoid anything which could provoke me. At least, so I supposed.

"Notwithstanding my infatuation with the brightest pair of eyes in Chili, I noticed the absence of the old man after a week or so. A few more days passed. I began to think that, perhaps, these Royalists had gone away somewhere else. But one evening, as I was hastening toward the city, I saw again somebody in the porch. It was not the madman. It was the girl. She stood holding on to one of the wooden columns, tall and white-faced, her big eyes sunk deep with privation and sorrow. I looked hard at her and she returned my stare in a strange, inquisitive way. Then, as I turned my head after riding past, she seemed to gather courage for the act and absolutely beckoned to me to come back.

"I did so, *señores,* almost without thinking, so great was my astonishment. It was greater still when I heard what she had to say. She began by thanking me for my forbearance of her father's infirmity, so that I felt ashamed of myself. I had meant to show disdain, not forbearance! Every word must have burnt her lips, but she never departed from a gentle and melancholy dignity which filled me with respect against my will. *Señores,* we are no match for women. But I could hardly believe my ears when she began her tale. Providence, she said, seemed to have preserved the life of that wronged man who now trusted to my honor as a *caballero* and to my compassion for his sufferings.

"'Wronged man?' I observed coldly. 'Well, I think so, too; and you have been harboring an enemy of your cause!'

"'He was a poor Christian, crying for help at our door in the name of God, *señor,*' she answered simply.

"I began to admire her. 'Where is he now?' I asked stiffly.

"But she would not answer that question. With extreme cunning and an almost fiendish delicacy she managed to remind me of my failure in saving the lives of the prisoners in the guardroom, without wounding my pride. She knew, of course, the whole story. Gaspar Ruiz, she said, entreated me to procure for him a safe conduct from General San Martin himself. He had an important communication to make to the commander-in-chief.

"*Por Dios, señores,* she made me swallow all that, pretending to be only the mouthpiece of that poor man! Overcome by injustice, he expected to find, she said, as much generosity in me as had been shown to him by the Royalist family which had given him a refuge.

"Ha! It was well and nobly said to a youngster like me. I thought her great. Alas, she was only implacable!

"In the end, I rode away very enthusiastic about the business, and without demanding even to see Gaspar Ruiz, who, I was confident, was in the house.

"But, on calm reflection, I began to see some difficulties which I had not confidence enough in myself to encounter. It was not easy to approach a commander-in-chief with such a story. I feared failure. At last I thought it better to lay the matter before my General-of-Division Robles, a friend of my family, and who had appointed me his *aide-de-camp* lately."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

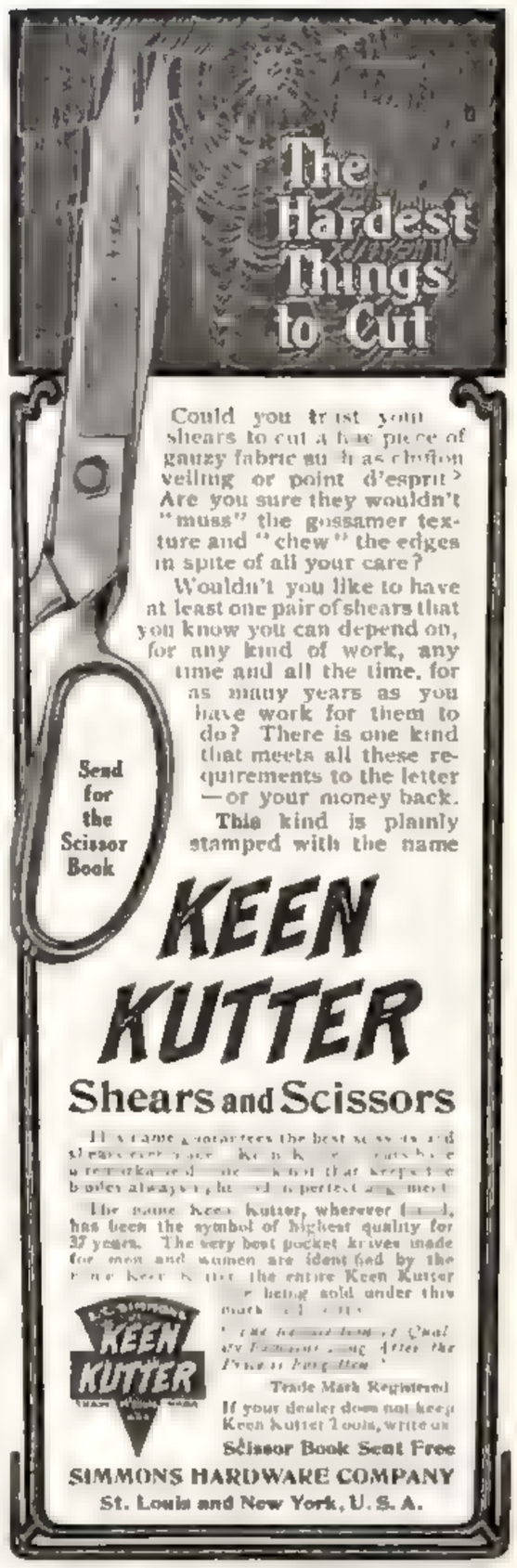
Mosquito-Eaters

THE Hawaiian Islands, which have been called the "Paradise of the Pacific," did, in former times, correspond to that description in one very important respect—the entire absence of mosquitoes. Unfortunately, however, the stinging gnats were introduced by ships, and eventually became such a nuisance that, a year ago, the inhabitants sent to the United States to get fishes to devour the pests.

These fishes were obtained from the neighborhood of Galveston, Texas. "Killifish" they are called—little minnows, which have a voracious and insatiable appetite for mosquito "wrigglers." Four hundred and fifty of them, representing three different species, were shipped to Honolulu last September.

The fishes were divided into four lots, three of them being liberated in different places. Those of the fourth batch were confined in suitable breeding-ponds. Both those set free and those kept in captivity multiplied with extraordinary rapidity, and the fresh waters, large and small, all over the archipelago are now being stocked with the finny immigrants. It is only a question of a few years before practically every pond and lake in the Hawaiian Islands will swarm with these hardy foes of the mosquito.

No bit of fresh water in which the minnows abound can possibly produce any mosquitoes; and, by supplementing this method of defense with applications of petroleum where the fishes are not, the Hawaiian authorities expect practically to exterminate the pestiferous insects.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AN AMERICAN INVASION

(Continued from Page 9)

doubt. Had she not, in spite of all training, managed to convey to him, by the time-honored means and romance-sanctioned method of her *femme de chambre*, a pearly envelope containing the classic pressed blue flower? No words of the most tender *billet-doux* could have signified more to him.

In the depths of his distress he was almost tempted to abandon his faith. Could the Gods of the country of his admiration have played him false? He had sacrificed to them and they had failed him. Must he renounce them and all confidence in all from which he had derived his inspiration? But no! Even as he faltered, Gaston Hippolyte regained control of himself. The methods which he had pursued had led to success—to glorious success -for others. The same must happen with him, something must transpire, the unexpected must take place. Ah, he would not lose heart even yet!

A shadow fell across his face. Whosoever had approached had employed something of the skill and stealth of the trapper, for he had drawn near without a sound. Gaston Hippolyte impatiently turned away his head. Could he not find a refuge anywhere? Then curiosity prompted him to look back, and he found himself staring into the eyes of the greatly agitated Maître Triboulet.

"Monsieur le Comte," the advocate babbled with an accent of unexpected deference in his voice.

"See here!" answered Gaston Hippolyte; "I have come away for the most part to get rid of you and others like you. What do you mean by following and bothering me?"

"It is important," urged the man of the law.

"Nothing is important," his client declared despondently. "All is over."

"But no, Monsieur le Comte. A thing this morning, the most surprising——"

"Go away!" commanded Gaston Hippolyte feebly. "It is enough. Ah, I have been betrayed!"

"Monsieur le Comte, I assure you. It is miraculous. I am yet perplexed. I have therefore ventured to seek you out. An hour ago Monsieur Gros, the manager of the firm of Verclos & Son, arrived at my office. He had failed to obtain an interview with you."

"What did he want?"

"He desired—bottles."

Gaston Hippolyte again moaned pitifully.

"I have them," he said in a hollow tone.

"Exactly, and he has not. The time for the bottling will shortly arrive, but—alas!—he can do nothing without bottles. This year's supply will be ready, the next year's—but in two years from now, if there are no bottles now, the wine will not be settled and aged. There will be nothing to sell. For the firm of Verclos & Son there must be ruin."

"Why doesn't he get bottles?"

"He cannot," concluded the lawyer with increasing excitement. "He gave his order to the manufacturer. He received word he had sent all to you. He communicated with another. He is under contract to supply you with all he makes."

"Yes," said Gaston Hippolyte in a completely hopeless manner.

"Monsieur Gros offers a price—of—more than you have paid—one—two francs the hundred more."

"Let him have them," ordered Gaston Hippolyte, turning over wearily on the grass.

"But you do not understand. Monsieur Gros had hardly spoken when Monsieur Levenard, the head of the firm of Avenay, Levenard & Co., appeared. He also wished for bottles, having none."

"My faith!" murmured Gaston Hippolyte, sitting up and beginning to take notice.

"Shortly who followed but the Marquis d'Hocquincourt himself, representing the Veuve Chiquot-Girardin! He was red in the face. He had no more breath than I have from following you. He, moreover, clamored for—bottles."

Gaston Hippolyte was on his feet.

"We will return to town at once!" he stated briefly.

Gaston Hippolyte walked on swiftly but thoughtfully. The lawyer hopped along beside him, every now and then casting glances at him which were not without a certain quality of admiration, not to say wonder.

"You do not appear astounded," the little man ventured to suggest.

"One does not hunt rabbits with a brass band," Gaston Hippolyte replied in an ambiguous, oracular and stately manner.

The neighborhood of the advocate Triboulet's office bore a new appearance. The usual quiet was broken. About the door was a scene of confusion. At the foot of the stair leading to his *étude* raged an agitated group. As those composing it were the most prominent citizens of Biez-sur-Calme and of the surrounding country, and as their faces and gestures plainly indicated that something serious was the matter, an interested crowd of lesser lights had gathered about them. The advent of Gaston Hippolyte and the respectable Triboulet was hailed with a faint shout. Through the lane of eager spectators the two advanced toward the door. On the threshold Gaston Hippolyte was seized and stopped in his course by the assembled representatives of the business interests of the town. A tumult of demands assailed his ears. As if what was sought might be obtained by force, he was held and drawn hither and thither.

"Gentlemen—Gentlemen!" he exclaimed. "One at a time! If you will allow me to gain the room——"

An unusual and impressive scene the dusty office presented. At a table, with one hand resting on it as if posed for a portrait, stood Gaston Hippolyte. Beside him—as a chancellor beside a reigning and victorious monarch—was the lawyer. Before them in a huddle, with anxiety unconcealed, were gathered to a man the most important inhabitants of Biez-sur-Calme.

"Now, if you please," announced Gaston Hippolyte with royal composure.

A babel began. An outcry arose from which only detached words and sentences were to be disentangled.

"We come to you!—Ah, but you have played it to the very finest!—What are we to do? We need bottles—the whole town needs bottles—the entire district needs bottles -bottles—bottles!—Otherwise the profit of the *vendage* is gone. You have them all.—Not in the entire France is there a supply to be got. All which are not to go elsewhere are held by you.—I give thirty-two francs fifty centimes the hundred for five hundred thousand bottles.—Thirty-three—thirty-four francs the hundred!"

"Gentlemen," said Gaston—and his support on the table was indeed needed—"I see the Marquis d'Hocquincourt. If I may speak a moment with him——"

A sullen silence met the request. The Marquis with alacrity stepped forward. With exceeding readiness he preceded Gaston Hippolyte, who bowed him through the entrance to Triboulet's private sanctum. Gaston Hippolyte carefully closed the door. Then he turned and with dignity faced the other.

"Monsieur le Marquis," he said, "it would appear that victory for the moment lights on my banner. I have what you wish."

"Monsieur, there is no use disguising the fact. The fate of Veuve Chiquot-Girardin and of the whole place lies in your hands. We need bottles."

"Exactly. You are 'short.'"

"*Hein?*—Ah, never mind! There is no time for explanation. You have the bottles."

"Precisely. I have the market 'cornered.'"

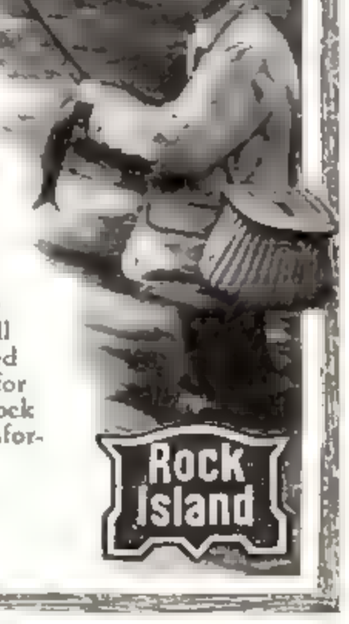
"You said—— But again, enough! What do you propose?"

"Monsieur le Marquis," began Gaston Hippolyte slowly, "you have at one time and another been pleased to make disparaging remarks."

"I did not understand," the Marquis assured him eagerly. "I did not fathom the depth of your plans. You have indeed thrown dust in our eyes. While you appeared to go one way you go another. In the language of the land of your admiration—for which, let me assure you, I have a new and profound respect—you have 'covered up your tracks.' Ah, the affair is magnificent! With the hundreds of thousands, the millions of bottles you have bought and for which you contracted, you can have any price. My friend, you will make a fortune! It is only for us to get off the cheapest possible."

"Just so," Gaston Hippolyte observed; "you personally need——"

Colorado



This gentleman—when at home—is a staid business man. He works six days (and sometimes more) per week. But the Call of the Wild appeals to him over-poweringly at least once each year. Then he takes his rod and gun, together with his vacation trunkful of "duds"—and the office knoweth him no more for two weeks.
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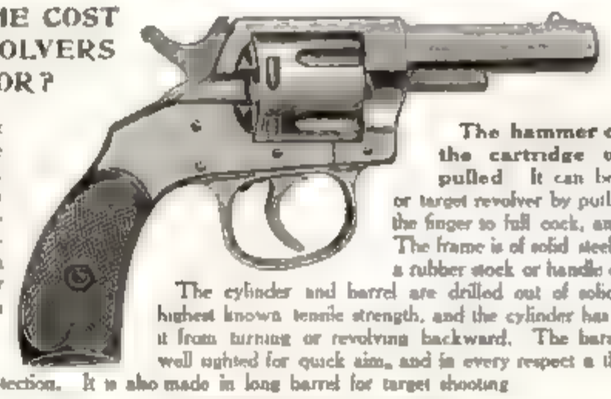

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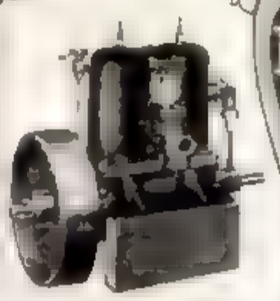

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"Twelve hundred thousand bottles."

"And I——" Gaston Hippolyte paused as the Marquis watched him eagerly. "I need—Lucie," he concluded.

The Marquis' eyes brightened. He stepped forward. He grasped Gaston Hippolyte by both hands.

"My dear young friend!" he cried.

"If I should agree," Gaston Hippolyte suggested gently, "to let you have the bottles for the usual price of thirty francs the hundred——"

"My dear Gaston," stuttered the enraptured Marquis.

"Then make an advance upon the other sales enough to recoup me for any losses that——"

"It's a magnificent scheme!" the Marquis exclaimed with enthusiasm.

"It is a kind of 'rebate' for you," mused Gaston Hippolyte.

"We are pleased——" said the Marquis in a doubtful tone. "But why pause? *Vive l'Amérique!*"

"As I said—Lucie——" Gaston Hippolyte resumed.

"Not another word," the Marquis interrupted promptly. "If there has been misunderstanding, it is to be regretted. The Marquise was too quick. I remarked it at the time. But now I can assure you that she will think exactly as I do."

The rose glow of the sunset was fading through the trees of the park of the Château d'Hocquincourt. The soft summer twilight drew on over the peaceful scene. One of the doorlike windows was open and the Marquise, with many wrappings of lace shawls, sat upon the terrace. The Marquis was in another chair beside her, quietly smoking. Toward them came Gaston Hippolyte and Lucie.

"Ah, my children!" said the Marquis tenderly.

"We thought we'd just stroll down to the pond and feed the carp," observed Gaston negligently.

"What——" the Marquise began quickly and sharply, but her voice softened as she gazed away: "Go—my children, go!"

With a calm smile which changed to one of satisfaction as soon as he was out of sight, Gaston Hippolyte, with Lucie by his side, sauntered onward into the dimness and seclusion of the trimmed *allées*.

"I knew you would win," she murmured adoringly. "I always believed in you."

"It is well, my love," he answered. "These have been dark days, but they have passed. I have indeed triumphed at last."

"We will always do everything in the American way!" Lucie cried enthusiastically.

Gaston Hippolyte walked on for a moment in deep thought.

"Certain things," he declared cautiously, "like our being alone together now. But, for the whole, we will not try experiments rashly. We will adhere, for the most part and for a time at least, to the habits of our native country which we thoroughly understand."

The Shame of the Colleges

(Concluded from Page 4)

change in our relations which the announcement must bring.

"Thanks," I breathed, wondering if I should be passed doughnuts with my tea, as we were at home.

"Why has the Gentleman Trust been formed at Harvard rather than at some other great University?" I ventured.

The Young Instructor laid his Boccaccio gently on the table. "Obviously," he said—"obviously. In the cornering of any public commodity location is the factor first to be considered. Where did the first American Gentleman land? At Plymouth Rock. Where must we go to-day to find the primal source of American pedigree? To Plymouth Rock. *Ergo*, the University nearest Plymouth Rock must, necessarily, absorb the finest essence of gentility. The founders of Harvard were wise in their generation. They knew that the University of Podunk or Aurora College could never compete with an institution which, being so near the base of supplies, could send a man over to Plymouth Rock any afternoon and ship in enough Miles Standishes and Cotton Mathers to flood the market for half a century."

Quickly disguising myself as a Pilgrim Father I set forth to interview President Eliot. The Prexy was not at home, I was told. He had just gone out for a stroll through the grounds to show the plant to a wealthy Cincinnati brewer who intended building the greatest university in the world on the hill out back of his bottling-works. I came upon the educator and the brewer gazing at the new Philosophy Building. The brewer was taking down notes.

"How mooch vouldt it gost to poot up sooch a puilding like dot?" he asked.

President Eliot looked troubled. "You see," he explained, "we are not accustomed at Harvard to set a crude money value on our buildings. I should say, however, that this building might be worth something like a million and a half."

"All right," said the brewer, "den I shall puildt a philosophy choint vort' two millions, py jinks!"

"But, my dear sir," said the pedagogue, "such a university as you intend to construct—where would you get the atmosphere, the traditions, the *ideals* of a Harvard?"

"Vell, Mister Professor," smiled the brewer, "if ve ain'd got some iteals und draditions und atmospheres in Cincinnati ve ain'd going to git mad apoud it. I'll charter a steampoat und ship 'em over from Chermany—I got der money!"

President Eliot was silent and the brewer continued to make figures in his little notebook. From the Delta beyond the Fogg Museum I could hear a rattle as of bronze clashing against sheet-iron. I think it must have been the statue of John Harvard turning uneasily in its chair. As the setting sun slanted through the Cambridge elms I folded away my disguises and caught a car for Boston. Over in the cañon-like depths of the Stadium they were having an inter-class baseball game, and I could hear the undergraduates crying:

"Vigorously!
Rigorously!
Smite the spheroid at the plate!
Fiercely, fellows,
Tensely, fellows—
Courage, 1908!"

The note came firmly, but not enthusiastically, to my ears and seemed to rebuke me as a mere crude protoplasm in the divine scheme of the Universe.

A little Cambridge mucker, who sat next to me, chewed gum energetically and volunteered information on Colonial landmarks. He showed me the dome of the State House in the distance, explained the navigable channels of the Charles River and pointed out Thomas W. Lawson's carriage driving through Copley Square. A faithful believer in Harvard's athletic destiny he spoke rapturously of Captain Filley's admirable crew, and he confessed that he had already staked fifty cents on the Crimson for the coming regatta.

"Dem Ha-a'voids kin sure lick de polka-dots off'n de Elis!" he said. "Every one's a sport an' a gen'leman, too."

"Hush, child!" I murmured reverently. "What do *we* know of such matters?"

In the Grain

THE grain of wheat, as now known, is, properly speaking, a package filled with flour cells, each one of which contains all of the elements of the flour out of which the housewife makes her bread. In each grain there are several hundreds, and often far more, of these flour cells, and each of these cells, complete in itself, has quite an elaborate structure of its own. It has a skeleton, in which the nucleus (representing the vital principle) is suspended, and in the network of this skeleton are also held a multitude of starch granules.

Thus each wheat grain contains a vast total number of starch granules—from ten to twenty millions of them—which are provided by Nature to serve as readily-digestible provender (a sort of "breakfast food") for the baby plant in the earliest beginning of its being. Later, the skeletons of the cells, in which the starchy particles are suspended, afford additional nourishment—just as the white of an egg nourishes the unhatched chick after the yelk has been absorbed. For it appears that the skeletons, so to call them, are composed of the substance known to us as "gluten."

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LETTERS TO WOMEN IN LOVE

(Concluded from Page 7)

You are American to the very marrow of your bones. You could not be happy in a country which, however you might admire its traditions and be attracted by its culture, must forever remain to you a foreign country that is strange, alien, different, "queer."

IX

To the same:

I have your short note telling me that Reggie has arrived in Paris!

He did not come to see me, nor even write me, before sailing. He was afraid that I would dissuade him from such a definitive move. Now it is done I make no comment. I shall wait until hearing more in detail from you before expressing my opinion one way or the other.

Perhaps Reggie has done the wisest thing in the world—perhaps the most foolish. In a courtship the same act may appear glorious or ignoble, depending entirely upon how the woman courted takes it.

X

To the same:

Your second letter has come, and I see that poor Reggie has made a dreadful mistake!

In Italy, after an anonymous sort of fashion, you longed for somebody, for an *amoureux*, some one to make love to you, some one to complete, with a personal romance, the wonderfully picturesque setting which surrounded you.

In Paris you felt first that it was a natural desire, then that it was a conventional necessity to be married. It was this transition from the natural to the conventional wherein poor Reggie's chances perished.

But have they quite perished? Is it as hopeless for him as you think?

All of a sudden you have adopted the Latin idea of a woman submissive to man, a man who is lord and master, and who asks neither advice nor criticism, but approval only. Which approval, if his wife, mother, sister, sweetheart fail to give, he finds elsewhere.

Why this change?

Could Reggie be prepared for it?

You say that he seems like a girl, he doesn't know how to order people around, he hesitates about an hour, it seems to you, over the menu when it is handed to him in a restaurant, and finally he gives it to you, as if you could arrange the dinner for his guests!

Small things, all of them, but very irritating.

And what you hate, too, is to see Reggie so badly served and so cheated! Not speaking French, he never discusses the price of anything. He simply holds out his hand full of coin and lets the menials fall upon it. Then, occasionally, there is an awful revulsion, in his American mind, against this grandiose system, and you catch sight of him, when you have regained the carriage, lingering in some unpleasant dispute.

Then Reggie insists upon wearing a straw hat, and there isn't a self-respecting Frenchman of the world who would think of wearing a straw hat in Paris before the Grand Prix has been run. This, too, is only a detail. But, for a woman, the great passion which we call love is nothing more than a collection of details—a series of small, trifling things which, appealing to our taste, seducing it, meeting with our sentimental approval, determine the attraction love is.

Dear friend, don't be hard on Reggie. Don't let outside influences affect too much the true course of your feelings. Don't let your inclination for Reggie be thus, by some superficial thing, transformed into a positive revulsion. Don't feel that you are responsible for Reggie just because he cares for you.

Be more simple!

At your age things decide themselves. You need take no heart-rending decisions. As a woman grows older and her chances of happiness diminish, there is something irrevocable in whatever she determines to do. It is as though time had put a mortgage upon every act she attempts.

While youth is still yours let there be something lovely in the spontaneity of your choice! Don't be hampered, Beatrice, by worldly considerations. If you love Reggie ever so little, let him see it. This confidence, if you place it in him, will act as magic upon his powers to please you.

No, you say?

You like him better when he is melancholy and hopeless than when he is exuberant and reassured?

Ah, Beatrice! The truth is, Reggie loves you too well. You are too sure of him. A woman who is loved in this way is always ready to say *no* until . . .

Until what?

Until she is no longer loved.

Take my word for it.

XI

To the same:

Indignant, enraged, discouraged, petulant, thus you appear in your last letter.

And why?

Simply because Reggie has—proposed to you!

What a terrible offense indeed!

With our highly-cultivated sensibilities, we women cannot understand how any man is able to propose when things are so against him that he is sure to be rejected.

So you have refused Reggie? Poor Reginald Wells!

And you are not even sorry for him. It was his own fault. He chose the most unpropitious moment: when you were alone together up in the towers of Notre Dame, with Paris stretching immense, vague, anonymous before you, and all the past stirring in your veins, and Reggie seeming so pale, so personal, so insignificant by comparison with what was in your thoughts.

You wanted to run away from him, and you couldn't. You wanted to hide under the uplifted wings of the little angel of Notre Dame, and beg her to protect you.

Ah, Beatrice! As you turned toward the frail and exquisite little statue, whose delicate wings, immobile through the ages, have typified that unchanging purity toward which man lifts his eyes as to the supreme ideal, thus Reggie turned to you. His feelings, like yours, were arduous, reverent, seeking protection against the world for what was the best in him.

He "froze you." These are the words you use—expressive, at least. You felt that you didn't care whether you ever saw him again. After you had said "No," you came all the way down the winding staircase into the church below without speaking again. The carriage was waiting for you near the bridge, you got into it. Reggie asked if he might come after dinner to the hotel, and you answered that there would be nobody there; you and your father were dining out.

Since then you have not seen him.

It is the last sentence of your letter which gives me a glimmer of hope. You exclaim:

"After what had happened I should think Reggie would at least have sent me some flowers or written me a line."

If you were "sorry for him," if you felt "like a sister" to him, I should be more anxious. Your charming egoism on this occasion shows, as a matter of fact, how absorbed you are in the affair.

Well, well, dear, be sincere, this is all I ask of you. Most sentimental failures are due to a lack of genuineness. Be true to yourself and you will be true to Reggie. It is never too late to mend, and no one incident is final in love or in life.

XII

To the same:

You seem perfectly amazed that Reggie should not have written to you since landing in America.

Why should he write to you?

This question hasn't presented itself to your mind.

A woman can never understand why any man who has ever loved her should not continue to do so until the end of his days. I don't mean by this that Reggie has stopped loving you. Alas, no, quite the contrary. You beg me for news of him, so I give it to you, outspoken. Reggie looks wretchedly ill. He is working day and night, against the orders of the doctor, who says that he should go to the seashore and "loaf" for a month at least.

He had not been a week in New York before he came over to pay me a flying visit, between trains, under pretext of being "rushed" with business. Of course, the first thing he spoke about was you. I shall not repeat the things he said. You do not deserve to hear them.

The only thing left to say was: "Don't take it so to heart." I fancy he found this little enough consolation.

"To heart? Why, it's my very fibre," he retorted. "You don't suppose it's a passing fancy, do you, any light matter? For two years she's been all I've thought about. Everything else was a side issue. To heart?" he repeated. "What do you mean?"

I attempted to explain, but he interrupted me.

"Oh, I'm not going to kill myself, if that's what you call taking it seriously. My mind is steady. I'm not a complete coward."

"Why, Reggie," I said, "the happiest marriages I know are those where the woman began by refusing the man, and ended by proposing to him herself!"

Reggie smiled, and I saw in this relaxation of his features how wan his expression had become.

"No," he said, "she knows what she wants, and the best thing for me is to keep out of her way. I can't let my misery seem like a reproach to any one."

We didn't speak of you again after this last remark of Reggie's. I felt too uncertain of you to proffer any encouragement. I felt, Beatrice, that you were a victim almost as much as he, and far different. His suffering came from you, and yours came from the flippant education which had led you to consider everything in life from the standpoint—not of what it was worth—but of whether you wanted it or not. This is fatal to happiness. When it seemed that you could no longer have Reggie, his true value first occurred to you. You had to miss him, to want him, and think you had lost him before his real merit became apparent to you.

Is it too late?

That remains to be seen. All depends on your own way of acting. Men best know what they want; women know best how to describe their wants. Pride alone can now interfere with your future joy.

XIII

To the same:

Reggie has told me the good news of your letter to him. You are on the ocean now. You were right to persuade Mr. Thayer to bring you back. I can fancy your feelings. Reggie seems distressed in the midst of his gladness to hear from you. He doubts still what reason brings you homeward so unexpectedly. He fears that you may long simply, as a child, to play again with fire!

I send this to your New York address. Your ship ought to get in to-day. Let me hear from you as soon as possible after arriving. Is it to be, or not to be?

P. S. Reggie's telegram has this moment arrived. Heartiest congratulations to you both. Don't make a too long engagement! I am sure your father must be in a hurry to have such a son-in-law as Reginald Wells. Write soon, and remember that I love you both as much in your foolish happiness as I did in your foolish misery!

Carpet Grass

A GARDEN has been established by the Government Plant Bureau for the experimental cultivation of matting-grass—the plant from which the Japanese manufacture the beautiful grass-carpet so widely used in this country. If the enterprise is successful, as is expected, wide areas of abandoned rice-fields along the Atlantic coast will once more become profitable.

This sort of grass is easily woven by looms, and it is estimated that we could produce enough of it in the United States to represent, when converted into matting, a value of at least $2,000,000 a year.

With this end in view, methods of propagation are being carefully studied out at the garden referred to, and roots of the best matting-grasses have been fetched from Japan, through the agency of our agricultural explorers. Similar grasses, however, are native to some parts of our own country, being found wild over extensive areas of "tule lands"—that is, low-lying, overflowed lands in California.

Why shouldn't you be able to buy a hundred cigars as low as a retailer?

There are many small dealers who do not buy over a hundred cigars of one brand at a time. But they get them at wholesale price.

When you buy a hundred cigars why don't you get them at wholesale price?

Obviously, the retailer cannot sell them to you at wholesale price because that would give him no profit.

But what about the manufacturer? He cannot sell them to you at wholesale price because in doing so he would antagonize the retailer, and he must depend upon the retailer for his outlet

That's the reason. But I have got around that. How? By selling all my cigars direct to the consumer—none to retailers. Consequently, I don't have to "protect" the retailer as other manufacturers do. I can and do sell in hundred lots direct to the smoker, at wholesale price.

MY OFFER IS:—I will, upon request, send one hundred Shivers' Panatela Cigars on approval to a reader of The Saturday Evening Post, express prepaid. He may smoke ten cigars and return the remaining ninety at my expense if he is not pleased with them; if he is pleased, and keeps them, he agrees to remit the price, $5.00, within ten days.

Shivers' Panatela

The fillers of these cigars are Clear Havana, of good quality—not only clear, but long, clean Havana—no shorts or cuttings used. They are hand-made by the best of workmen. The making has much to do with the smoking qualities of a cigar. The wrappers are genuine Sumatra.

In ordering please enclose business card or give personal references, and state whether mild, medium or strong cigars are desired.

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SHOP TALK

With the Pay Envelope

I AM a young man holding a clerkship in a railway freight office at a very modest salary. Having a wife and three children dependent upon me, and being handicapped through an unfortunate deformity which makes it impossible for me to do any physical labor, I began to cudgel my brain trying to evolve some method whereby I could add to my income and still do the work required of me in the office. Finally I hit upon the idea of starting a system of pay-envelope advertising. I live in a city of thirty thousand inhabitants, employing a large number of men. I went to the heads of these plants and readily secured permission to furnish their pay-envelopes, gratis, with whatever data they required printed thereon, for the privilege of using the remaining space for advertising purposes. I next visited the printers and obtained prices per thousand for furnishing and printing such envelopes. This represented the financial cost of the enterprise. Then I visited the managers of the department and all other large stores handling different kinds of goods, and found very little trouble in making contracts with them for "ads" on a basis of one thousand envelopes actually put into circulation, and at prices which gave me a good margin of profit. Some contracted for all the space on an envelope, some for one-half, and often I would have five or six different "ads" on the same envelope. Of course, I had to perfect a simple system of bookkeeping so that I could tell instantly just how I stood with each advertiser. On delivering the envelope to these employers I always took receipts which stated the number of envelopes received and what "ads" they bore, which I would present to the advertiser when rendering my bill, thus proving to him that the envelopes were actually delivered. It was not long before I had a nice little income of fifty dollars a month from this source. —*X. Y. Z.*

Not on the Records

IN OUR commercial agency office was a man who, as I recall, made it his business to have a memory; a somewhat commonplace statement, perhaps, but this particular memory was a "jewel."

There are records—records—records in the agency files, and the man of strict routine comes to worship these little gods as ALL. To him a memory means *work*. "Let the records do the work" might be his constant parody.

"The little fellow," as this man was called by some of his clerks, was the head of the city department in one of the great centres of trade, when there came, one day, from Los Angeles, or other California office, an urgent telegraphic inquiry, asking if a certain man in business in a remote part of the great centre was responsible for a large sum of money, he having presented himself, with the best of California indorsements, to draw the amount from a Los Angeles bank. The agency's records were consulted and the man's business career was found to be clean and progressive. In fact, he was prosperous and honorable—looked up to in the community. A telegraphic reply was framed by a "record-worshiping" clerk, setting forth these facts.

One of the "little fellow's" fixed rules with his subordinates, however, was that he should look over all telegrams. When this one came up to his desk he glanced at it as an item among thousands of the day's regular business matters, and was on the point of pushing the call-button for the messenger-boy, when—he didn't. Instead, he scratched his rather ordinary bald head reflectively, and called a reporter.

"Johnson, go out to this address," he said, and gave the reporter a slip of paper carrying the address of the man asking the money of the Los Angeles bank. "Tell the bookkeeper out there that you are a friend of —— and that you'd like to have his California address."

Half an hour later the "little fellow" was called to the telephone.

"Yes," he said.—"What? . . . I thought so." And he hung up the receiver with a click.

Back to his desk he rushed, tore up the first telegram and wrote one of about twenty words instead, which he started at once on its merry way to Los Angeles.

A few days later came a couple of letters: one from the Los Angeles manager and the other from the president of a bank out there. Both rang with praises for the city department of the great centre.

The telegram which the "little fellow" sent had saved many thousands of dollars. But how? The "records" were absolutely correct. Then why? Because, a couple of weeks before, the "little fellow" had been waiting for his dinner in a popular downtown restaurant and had read, in the evening paper, in an item an inch long, without heading, to the effect that a man of this name—one common among millions—had had his leg badly crushed and would probably be confined to his bed for a couple of months. How, then, could he be calling at a Los Angeles bank?

That day I tacked a little plate upon the tablets of my own memory: "Don't leave it *all* to the records." —*L. R. T.*

A Spoiled Sherlock Holmes

AT THE age of twelve I was a messenger-boy for the Western Union Telegraph Company at L——. It was my first "job," and I felt as though carbonated with that effervescent element—pride. I was ambitious, too—that is, for about three weeks, the limit of my term of service. During that time I delivered fully seventy-five per cent. of all the messages. A day or two before I "resigned" I was handed a message to be copied and delivered to Mr. A——, our little city's only detective. It read:

"Arrest ——, alias John W. Rowe. Wanted here on account charge of burglary. Twenty-five dollars reward."

It had been sent from Texas.

Now it happened that Mr. John W. Rowe had been in our office nearly every day for a week or more sending or receiving messages. He had also pawned several rings and articles of jewelry to our chief operator as payment for charges.

I assumed that this information would be of interest to the detective, and soon made up my mind to impart it. It did not occur to me that Mr. John W. Rowe was the company's patron and that his business was entitled to the same confidential treatment that the company accords to every one. I thought of Rowe only as a criminal. When I delivered the message I told the detective, with affected ease, all the facts I was in possession of regarding his man. I thought the detective very liberal to promise me a ten-dollar bill for the simple service of pointing Rowe out to him.

Sunday morning came and with it a message for Mr. John W. Rowe. It was from some "pal," warning him that the officers were on his trail and advising that he leave L—— at once. It was marked "Call"—meaning that it was to be called for. I copied it, but did not deposit it in the call-box until I had shown it to my professional associate, the detective.

In the course of an hour I returned to the office. I saw at once that something had happened, or was about to happen—I couldn't tell which. The chief operator looked pale; even the top of his bald head wore an unusual pallor. In a few minutes he asked me in a cold, trembly way about a certain message addressed to Mr. John W. Rowe. I told the truth—the whole truth. He said very little, however; he was too angry to speak without getting his tongue tangled. There were two causes responsible for his high state of nervousness and anger. I had unconsciously spoiled his little game of graft—one that was proving quite remunerative—and he had rendered himself liable to prosecution by receiving stolen property.

I learned that the detective had called during my absence and let the cat out of the bag by inquiring if Mr. Rowe had been there for his message. The operator at first denied having any knowledge of Mr. John W. Rowe, but owned up when the detective indiscreetly spoke of the contents of the message and told how he came into possession of his information.

Instead of going to work the next morning as usual, I signed the pay-roll—by request—and received my emoluments.

I trailed Mr. Burglar Rowe through the boarding-houses and hotels for three or four days, but found that it was as cold a scent as the aroma of that ten-dollar bill. —*F. F. Q.*

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What Are You
Going to Do
About it

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Here it is again, this big opportunity. Now, what ARE you going to do about it? If you had filled out the coupon the first time you saw it, it's likely you would be holding a high-class position to-day. Within this past year, a host of people no better educated, no better off than yourself, have started on the road to success by way of that coupon, and many of them are already earning twice what they did a year ago.

Are you going to keep putting this off till it's everlastingly too late? Or will you fill out the coupon THIS time and begin getting ahead in the world? If you just make up your mind now that you are going to be better off at this time next year the INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS will make the way easy for you, will bring to you by mail the training required to fit you quickly for a responsible position in one of the occupations listed on the coupon. The I. C. S. will **bring** this training **to you**, mind, at your home, in your spare time, without interfering with your present duties.

Just read that coupon again—and DO something about it.

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Please explain, without further obligation on my part how I can qualify for a larger salary in the position before which I have marked X

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You can have a suit or overcoat made expressly for *you* from fabrics made by the Puritan, Fitchburg, Globe or Hockanum mills—cloths that cost $2.50 to $4.00 per yard—cut to your measure and tailored, in the style of the present, to fit your form, in the largest and best regulated tailor shops in the world.

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Send to-day for catalog and full particulars.

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The Knight of the Hammer

Wit and Wisdom of Auctions and Auctioneers

By WILLIAM MATHEWS

QUICKNESS of decision and rapidity of action are essential qualities to an auctioneer. One of the secrets of his art is to sell, on certain occasions, with such a dashing, offhand, and seemingly reckless rapidity that the crowd will be tempted to bid before they have had time to deliberate.

There was a knight of the hammer at Lord's book auctions in Arch Street, Philadelphia, in 1839—which I was wont to attend—who understood and practiced this trick with signal success. One evening the bidding began to drag, and book after book was offered in vain. All the arts, devices and eloquence of the auctioneer were employed to no purpose; the crowd could not be coaxed, scolded or shamed into a bid. Finally, holding up in despair a popular work worth about two dollars, which he said they could not refuse to bid on, the auctioneer asked in rapid succession:

"How much am I offered for it? Will you say a dollar-fifty? one dollar? seventy-five cents? No? Will you say, then, fifty cents? Twenty-five? Say anything, then, to start it! Who'll bid *one cent?*"

"One cent" was bid, and instantly down went the hammer, with the exclamation:

"The book is yours. Gentlemen, you see what bargains you are losing by your slowness in bidding!" When the next work was offered the bidding was furious.

It is a well-known trick of a certain class of auctioneers to stimulate the bidding at their sales by offering the buyer of some article a price for it in advance of what he has paid. Some fifty-six years ago there was a bookseller on Hanover Street, Boston, who occasionally sold his books by auction in country villages, and who practiced this ruse with great success. Among the works that composed his stock was a big lot of quarto Bibles, with cheap cuts, printed on miserable, dingy paper, hardly fit to do up groceries in, and bound in sheepskin. The first evening the sale was exceedingly dull. The auctioneer had determnied to have five dollars apiece, though the cost was hardly two dollars, but the highest bid for the first copy was but three dollars. No sooner was it knocked down at this price than the purchaser was offered fifty cents to leave it. The offer was accepted, and the money paid.

"A dollar saved is a dollar earned," chucklingly said the auctioneer.

Instantly the whole assembly burst forth into a loud and unanimous cry for Bibles! In vain were miscellaneous works offered of every description. Literature, science, politics, the fine arts and fiction were at a discount; Bibles, and Bibles only, were wanted. Not the "first red cent" of a bid could be got on anything else—not even on hymn-books or religious treatises. "Bibles, Bibles!" was bawled by every tongue. But the knight of the hammer was inexorable.

"No! gentlemen," said he, "not another Bible shall I offer you to-night. To-morrow night, if you have a mind to start the books at four dollars, which is below the actual cost, I will put them up and risk it."

Next evening the sale was hardly begun when the cry for Bibles echoed and re-echoed through the room. It seemed as if the village had been wrapped in the gloom of paganism, and all the people were now seeking the lamp of life. The copies were immediately started at a high price, and the whole stock went at five dollars each.

The most noted auction-room in London to-day is Christie's, in St. James Square. The rooms are plain and dingy, yet here, day after day, are sold quietly the costliest articles on which the hammer falls: paintings by old and modern masters, family plate—sometimes of kings and queens—costly jewels, bracelets, antiques, autographs, and rare books. An amusing story is told of a rather fussy-looking, elderly dame who once pushed her way through the throng in these rooms, and planted herself in a chair immediately under the rostrum, where she sat for some time unmoved by the swaying of the crowd and a fire of sarcastic remarks. An hour passed, and curiosity was alive regarding her intentions. Suddenly the mystery was dispelled by her bid for an old-fashioned silver teapot, holding half a gallon, upon which she had set her heart. Plate being always sold by the pound, the old teapot was started at five shillings.

"Five and a penny," said a dealer.

"Six shillings!" cried the old lady.

"Six and a penny," responded the first bidder.

"Seven shillings," retorted the dame.

"Well, seven and a penny," said her rival.

"Eight shillings," she cried as loudly as before.

"Let the lady have it by all means," said the dealer, and to her the object of contention was knocked down.

"What name, ma'am?" inquired the auctioneer's clerk.

"Oh, never mind the name; I'll take it, and pay for it."

"You cannot take it now, madam; we do not know the exact weight."

"What signifies the weight to me or you? Give me the teapot; it's mine, and take your eight shillings out of that!" she cried, as she flung down a sovereign.

This proposal was received with a roar of laughter. The simple old lady had fancied that she was going to carry home a teapot weighing from twenty-five to thirty ounces, at a cost to herself of eight shillings. The clerk kindly explained to her the real facts of the case, when she gathered herself up and shuffled out of the room. The pot was then put up for sale again, and knocked down at 6s. 3d. per ounce.

The most famous book auction recorded in the world's history was probably the sale of the Duke of Roxburghe's library, "the great Roxburghe fight," as Dibdin, the celebrated bibliographer, in his immortal account of it, has characterized it—a sale which began in May, 1812, and lasted forty-two days. This "fight" was notable for the sale of the copy of Boccaccio published by Valdarfer, at Venice, in 1471, and the desperate struggle for it made by two noblemen. Among the company present were the Duke of Devonshire, Earl Spencer and the Duke of Marlborough, then Marquis of Blandford. In his account of the sale, Dibdin speaks of the younger Evans, the auctioneer, then commencing his professional career, in the same terms that would be used about some young knight's first entrée on the battlefield—the son of some as illustrious father.

"He preserved," says Dibdin, "an uniform, impartial and steady course; and if he did not 'ride the whirlwind,' at least he 'directed the storm.' The Valdarfer Boccaccio was put up by Mr. Evans with an appropriate oration."

After some preliminary skirmishes the bid stood at five hundred guineas.

"A thousand guineas," said Earl Spencer.

"Two thousand pounds," said the Marquis.

The Earl Spencer bethought him, like a prudent general, of useless bloodshed and waste of powder, and had paused a quarter of a minute, when Lord Althorp, with long steps, came to his side, as if to bring his father a fresh lance to renew the fight. Father and son whispered together, and Earl Spencer exclaimed:

"Two thousand two hundred and fifty pounds!"

An electric shock went through the assembly.

"And ten," quietly added the Marquis. This ended the strife.

"Mr. Evans, ere his hammer fell," says Dibdin, "made a due pause. Indeed, as if by something preternatural, the ebony instrument itself seemed to be charmed or suspended 'in mid air.' However, at length, down dropped the hammer. . . . The spectators stood aghast! and the sound of Mr. Evans's prostrate sceptre of dominion reached, and resounded from, the utmost shores of Italy. The echo of that fallen hammer was heard in the libraries of Rome, of Milan, and St. Mark. Boccaccio himself started from his slumber of some five hundred years; and Mr. Van Praet (Napoleon's librarian) rushed, but rushed in vain, amidst the royal book-treasures of Paris, to see if a copy of the said Valdarfer Boccaccio could there be found."

Truly, this absolutely raises the auctioneer's profession to the noble and the ideal!

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Containing the Words and Music of

162 OLD FAVORITE SONGS

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We are the exclusive publishers of this book of 162 songs and in order to further introduce our publications into new homes we will send THE HEARTHSTONE all the rest of this year, 1906, for only 15 cents together with a copy of the song book as described. THE HEARTHSTONE is a Bright, Clean, Wholesome and thoroughly Readable publication for the Home and Family. There is never a dull or useless line ever printed in THE HEARTHSTONE and there is no other publication like it. You will surely be pleased with it. Fifteen Cents pays for the subscription to THE HEARTHSTONE and the Song Book and your money back if you're not perfectly satisfied. Postage stamps taken. Address your letter

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Grown-ups who still have a tender spot in their hearts for the fairies of their childhood (and every one ought to have) will want to read Miss Cable's story of *Peter Pan*. She has seen the play many times and has now turned it into a narrative; how winningly, how sympathetically you shall see in the September LADIES' HOME JOURNAL.

Mrs. Ralston has returned from Paris, laden down with a wealth of French invention and daintiness, and brimming over with suggestions for your fall dressmaking. The fall fashions will have a "front seat" in the September LADIES' HOME JOURNAL, issued on August 25.

Would you like to take piano lessons with Josef Hofmann? It would be difficult, but we have secured for you some of his help. He will write to you through THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL suggestions and comments that he thinks will aid you. "With Hofmann at the Piano" by himself, in the September LADIES' HOME JOURNAL.

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